ART HISTORY

KISS $1.50 COPYKS

DR. WIRTHAM'S COMIX & STORIES

JCWP

MATURE QUALITY SERIOUS ADULT LITERATURE ONLY!

A VIRGIN BOTTLE OF INK.. AN UNTAPPED SOURCE OF POWER! AND IT'S ALL MINE TO DO ANYTHING I WANT!

EAT MAGNUM TRUTH MEDIA, QUACK-QUACK!

MORE CIGARETTES! MORE DRUGS! MORE EVERYTHING!

FWOOOM

WAIT! JOHNNY CARSON IN 5 MINUTES!

CHARLIE'S ANGELS? CHARLIE'S ANGELS?

POP! SPUT!

STOP! YOU'LL MISS THE NEWS! SOMETHING IMPORTANT

WAIT... WE ARE YOUR... FZZZZT

STOP! FOOTBALL MONDAY NITE GAME!

BOOM

WAIT WAIT! ELVIS MOVIE AT 11:15! SPARE ME!

WAIT! CHER SPECIAL ON...

C-CANT GEMME NO... SAT-IS-FAK-SHUN C-CANT...

APOCALYPTIC NIGHTMARE?

WILL HE LOSE CONTROL? DEGENERACY SPECIAL!

G. Irons

DR. WIRTHAM'S COMIX & STORIES #4

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DR. WIRTHAM'S COMIX AND STORIES IS PUBLISHED, EDITED, DISTRIBUTED, ETC. ABOUT ONCE A YEAR BY CLIFFORD NEAL, 378 JUDSON AVE., MYSTIC, CONN., 06355. COMMENTS, LETTERS, ART, AND CONTRIBUTIONS ARE WELCOME.

ALL STORIES COPYRIGHT ©1979 BY THE RESPECTIVE ARTISTS. SOLD TO ANAL RETENTIVE "ADULTS" ONLY. "ZOM"

WE PUBLISH UNDERGROUND STORIES IN THE EC VEIN, THE KIND YOU KNOW DR. WERTHAM WOULD LOVE TO HATE, UNCENSORED NEW WAVE GRAPHIX SHOCK HITS SLICING THROUGH MENTAL TABOOS ON SEX, DEATH, VIOLENCE, ETC., AN EXPERIMENTAL CUTTING EDGE. MEMBERS OF UCWA NEED ONLY APPLY.

"THIS VOLUME IS TO BE REGARDED AS A PYSCHOLOGICAL WORKBOOK. A STUDY FOR THE SERIOUS STUDENT OF UNUSUAL ASPECTS OF PYSCHOLOGY" THANX AND A TIP OF THE HAT TO "TEENAGE GRAPPLERS"

Cheating Time!

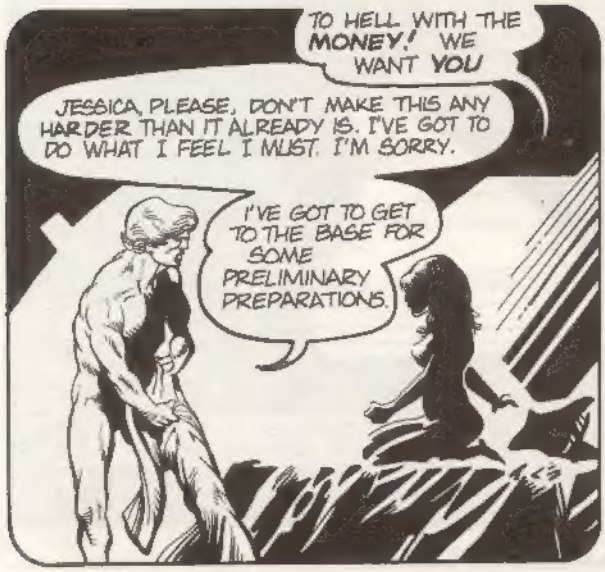
Script: MARK BURBEY Art: GENE DAY Letters: McCUSKER COPYRIGHT © 1978 by BURBEY and DAY

THOUGH DAMIEN IS INDEED ANXIOUS TO RETURN TO THE PLANET OF HIS BIRTH, HE ALSO HAS OTHER THINGS ON HIS MIND.

DO YOU MEAN TO TELL ME YOU'VE ACCEPTED THAT MISSION?
JESSICA, DARLING! THERE'S NO WAY I CAN'T ACCEPT IT. IT'S THE ULTIMATE DREAM OF EVERY QUALIFIED PILOT!

BUT DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHAT THIS MEANS, FOR GOD'S SAKE!
OF COURSE, I DO! BUT THIS IS THE GOAL WE'VE ALL PRAYED AND LIVED FOR! EVER SINCE THAT YOUNG RESEARCH STUDENT FELL UPON THE SECRET OF TRAVELLING AT THE SPEED OF LIGHT, EVERY PILOT IN THE WESTERN SECTOR HAS BEEN STORMING NASA!

BUT THE KIND OF TRIP THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT IS FIFTY LIGHT YEARS EACH WAY. WHAT ABOUT ME? OUR DAUGHTER? WHAT THE HELL BECOMES OF US, DAMIEN?
NASA HAS PROMISED TO SUPPORT BOTH OF YOU QUITE WELL FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIVES.

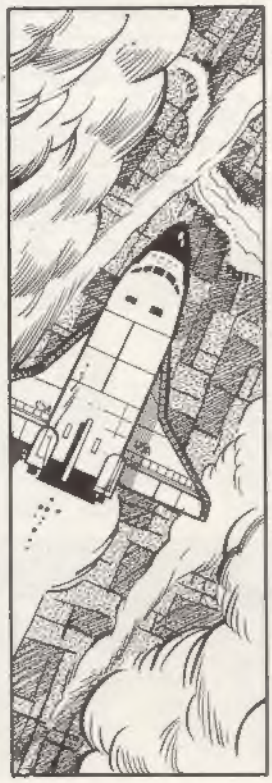

TO HELL WITH THE MONEY! WE WANT YOU
JESSICA, PLEASE, DON'T MAKE THIS ANY HARDER THAN IT ALREADY IS. I'VE GOT TO DO WHAT I FEEL I MUST. I'M SORRY.
I'VE GOT TO GET TO THE BASE FOR SOME PRELIMINARY PREPARATIONS.

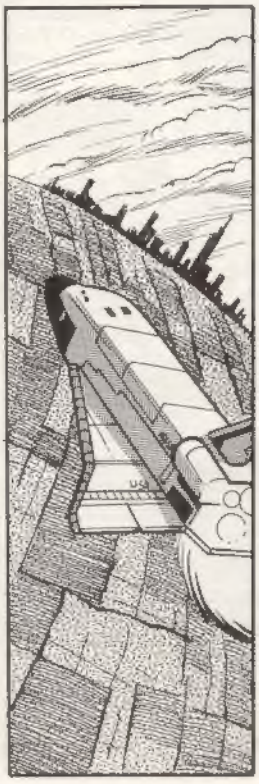
DAMIEN YOU BASTARD! YOU LOUSY ROTTEN BASTARD!

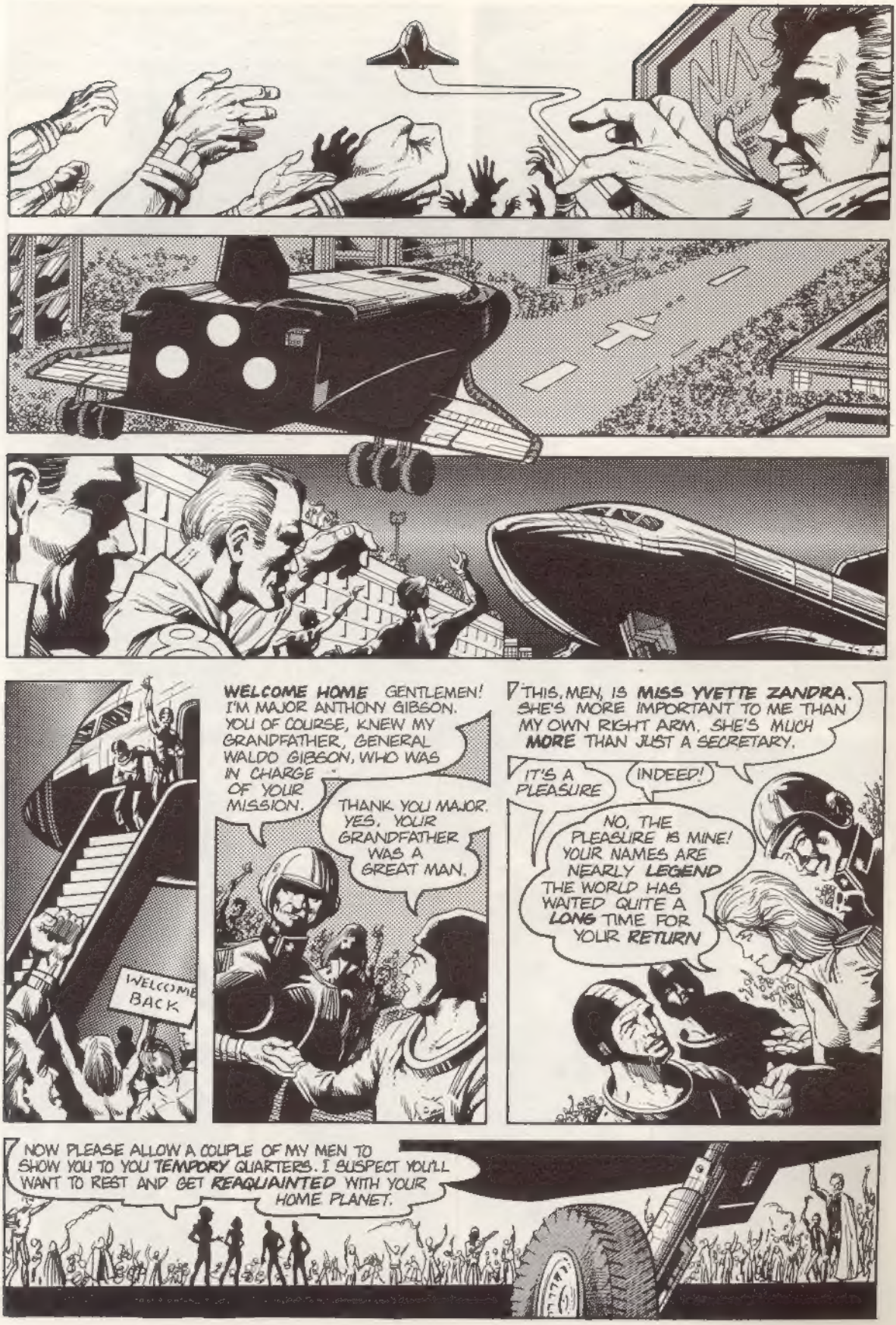
DAMIEN
DAMIEN, SNAP OUT OF IT PAL! WHERE THE HELL ARE YA?
HUH!

OH, I'M SORRY WHAT WHERE YOU SAYING?
YOU WERE IN SOME STATE OF DEEP THOUGHT, BOY! I WAS ASKING YOU IF YOU WERE READY TO CATCH UP ON THE LAST HUNDRED YEARS.

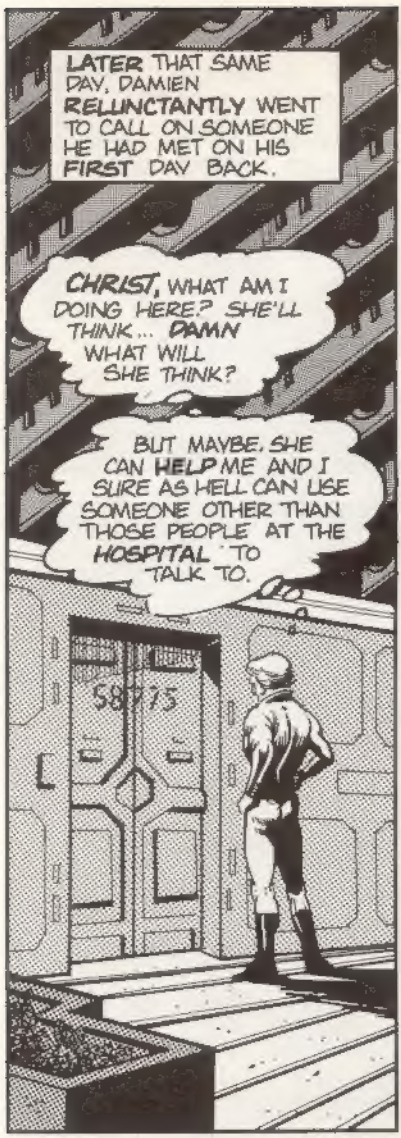
WE'RE PATCHED INTO KNOWLEDGE CENTRAL. WAIT'TIL YOU HEAR WHAT WE'VE BEEN MISSIN'! WE'RE ALMOST HOME DAMIEN!
YOU JUST SIT BACK AND INDULGE IN A LITTLE MENTAL STIMULI WHILE I GLIDE THIS BABY BACK INTO THE ARMS OF GOOD OL' MOTHER EARTH!






WELCOME BACK
WELCOME HOME GENTLEMEN! I'M MAJOR ANTHONY GIBSON. YOU OF COURSE, KNEW MY GRANDFATHER, GENERAL WALDO GIBSON, WHO WAS IN CHARGE OF YOUR MISSION.
THANK YOU MAJOR. YES, YOUR GRANDFATHER WAS A GREAT MAN.
THIS, MEN, IS MISS YVETTE ZANDRA. SHE'S MORE IMPORTANT TO ME THAN MY OWN RIGHT ARM. SHE'S MUCH MORE THAN JUST A SECRETARY.
IT'S A PLEASURE
INDEED!
NO, THE PLEASURE IS MINE! YOUR NAMES ARE NEARLY LEGEND THE WORLD HAS WAITED QUITE A LONG TIME FOR YOUR RETURN
NOW PLEASE ALLOW A COUPLE OF MY MEN TO SHOW YOU TO YOU TEMPORY QUARTERS. I SUSPECT YOU'LL WANT TO REST AND GET REAQUAINTED WITH YOUR HOME PLANET.

SEVERAL WEEKS HAD PASSED. NOLAND HAD BEEN TRANSFERED TO ANOTHER BASE, AND DAMIEN FOUGHT TO RESOLVE SOME AGING EMOTIONAL CONFLICTS.
I CAN'T PUT IT OFF ANY LONGER! I'VE GOT TO GO TO ASHBURY CEMETERY TO JESSICA AND MONIQUES GRAVE SITES
I PROMISED JESSICA I'D DO THIS THE MOMENT I GOT BACK, BUT SINCE OUR ORDERS TO REMAIN UNDER OBSERVATION WERE LIFTED A WEEK AGO, I'VE BEEN APREHENSIVE ABOUT IT.
MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM
SIM, DAVID IVAN..........Section 48W/Plot 204P
STIEFEL, JOAN PAULINE.....Section 661/Plot 284P
SUTTON, THOMAS FRANKLIN...Section 183/Plot 957W
THOMAS, MICHELE ELAINE....Section 448/Plot 551B
UDO, JESSICA LINDA........Section 253/Plot 345T
UDO, MONIQUE MARIE........Section 253/Plot 345S
WARNER, ANDREW NORMAN.....Section 991/Plot 111A
WILSON, DONALD ROBERT.....Section 293/Plot 298M
MY GOD, MONIQUE DIED WHEN SHE WAS ONLY FIFTEEN! WHAT COULD HAVE HAPPENED TO HER. I MUST FIND OUT!


LATER THAT SAME DAY, DAMIEN RELUNCTANTLY WENT TO CALL ON SOMEONE HE HAD MET ON HIS FIRST DAY BACK.
CHRIST, WHAT AM I DOING HERE? SHE'LL THINK... DAMN WHAT WILL SHE THINK?
BUT MAYBE SHE CAN HELP ME AND I SURE AS HELL CAN USE SOMEONE OTHER THAN THOSE PEOPLE AT THE HOSPITAL TO TALK TO.
58775

MISS YVETTE ZANDRA
OH, COMMANDER LIDO! HOW NICE PLEASE COME IN!
IT'S NOT COMMANDOR LIDO ANYMORE. I'VE RETIRED IT'S JUST DAMIEN NOW. I HOPE I'M NOT DISTURBING YOU?
NO! NOT AT ALL LET ME FIX YOU A DRINK.

AS THE EVENING STRETCHED ON DAMIEN OPENED UP TO YVETTE, AND SHE WAS A GOOD LISTENER, BUT SHE ALSO HAD SOMETHING ELSE ON HER MIND.
AND IT'S REALLY BOTHERING ME. MONIQUE'S DEATH THAT IS. DO YOU THINK YOU COULD FIND THE RECORDS A LOT EASIER THAN I COULD AND...
SURE, NO PROBLEM, BUT WHY DON'T YOU LOOSEN UP A BIT? I'M NOT GOING TO BITE YOU!

I KNOW THAT. BUT, UH, IT DOESN'T SEEM LIKE ITS BEEN A HUNDRED YEARS SINCE I LAST SAW MY WIFE AND I..
TIME IS ONLY RELATIVE. EINSTEIN PROVED THAT, DAMIEN!

YES, WELL I'M NOT SURE THAT... APPLIES... TO...

AN UNIMPORTANT NUMBER OF DAYS LATER.
ALL THE RECORDS SHOW IS THAT MONIQUE DIED OF COMPLICATIONS DURING AN ILLNESS. I COULDN'T FIND MUCH ELSE.
WHAT A SHAME SHE WAS THE PRETTIEST LITTLE GIRL YOU EVER SAW. I'LL HAVE TO SHOW YOU A PICTURE SOMETIME.

I'D LOVE TO SEE IT. REALLY I WOULD, BUT YOU PROMISED TO BUY ME A CHRISTMAS TREE.
WE CAN'T VERY WELL GO LIKE THIS! LET'S GET DRESSED.

I'M CERTAINLY GLAD THAT CHRISTMAS HASN'T CHANGED!

PROGRESS IS NO FUN WITHOUT THE FLAVOR OF THE OLD LIFE.

HOW ABOUT SOME EGGNOG?

I'D LOVE SOME!

OH, I'VE BEEN MEANING TO TELL YOU. THERE'S BEEN SOMEONE NOSING AROUND THE BASE TRYING TO FIND OUT ABOUT YOU.

OH, REALLY? DO YOU KNOW WHO IT IS?

NO. I'VE NEVER MET THE PERSON. ALL I KNOW IS THAT HE OR SHE WANTED ACCESS TO YOUR PERSONAL INFORMATION FILES. HE OR SHE ALSO WANTED TO GET IN TOUCH WITH YOU!

WELL, I HAVEN'T BEEN HIDING. PROBABLY JUST A REPORTER OR SOMETHING. YOU STILL HAVE REPORTERS...

DON'T YOU?

STUN KILL

SOMETHING LIKE IT... HERE.

HMMM, THIS LOOKS GOOD. IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE I'VE HAD A CHRISTMAS EVE LIKE THIS.

WAIT UNTIL YOU SEE THE PRESENT I BOUGHT YOU. YOU'RE REALLY GOING TO LIKE IT

WHAT IS IT?

THAT WOULD BE TELLING. JUST OPEN IT

ZAK

GOOD LORD. YVETTE!

JESSICA HOW? I THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD.

YOU WOULD HAVE LIKED THAT, WOULDN'T YOU? BUT SHORTLY AFTER YOU LEFT ON YOUR PRECIOUS SPACE MISSION I PLANTED FALSE GRAVESTONES

AND PUT MONIQUE AND MYSELF INTO SUSPENDED ANIMATION CRYONICALLY.

I HATED YOU AND I WANTED TO KILL YOU! BUT MONIQUE'S SLEEPING CHAMBER MALFUNCTIONED AND SHE DIDN'T MAKE IT
SHE DIED!
YOU'RE CRAZY YOU'VE GONE MAD!

FOR HER DEATH I BLAME YOU! YOU TURNED HER FALSE GRAVESTONE INTO A REAL ONE! NOW YOU'RE GOING TO DIE!
PERHAPS YOU'RE RIGHT! BUT I WANT YOU TO SUFFER THE WAY I SUFFERED! I'LL JUST RESET THIS FOR...
...MUTILATION!
ZZZAK!

WE KNEW ABOUT SOMEONE RUNNING AROUND THE BASE ASKING QUESTIONS ABOUT ME LONG BEFORE TONIGHT!

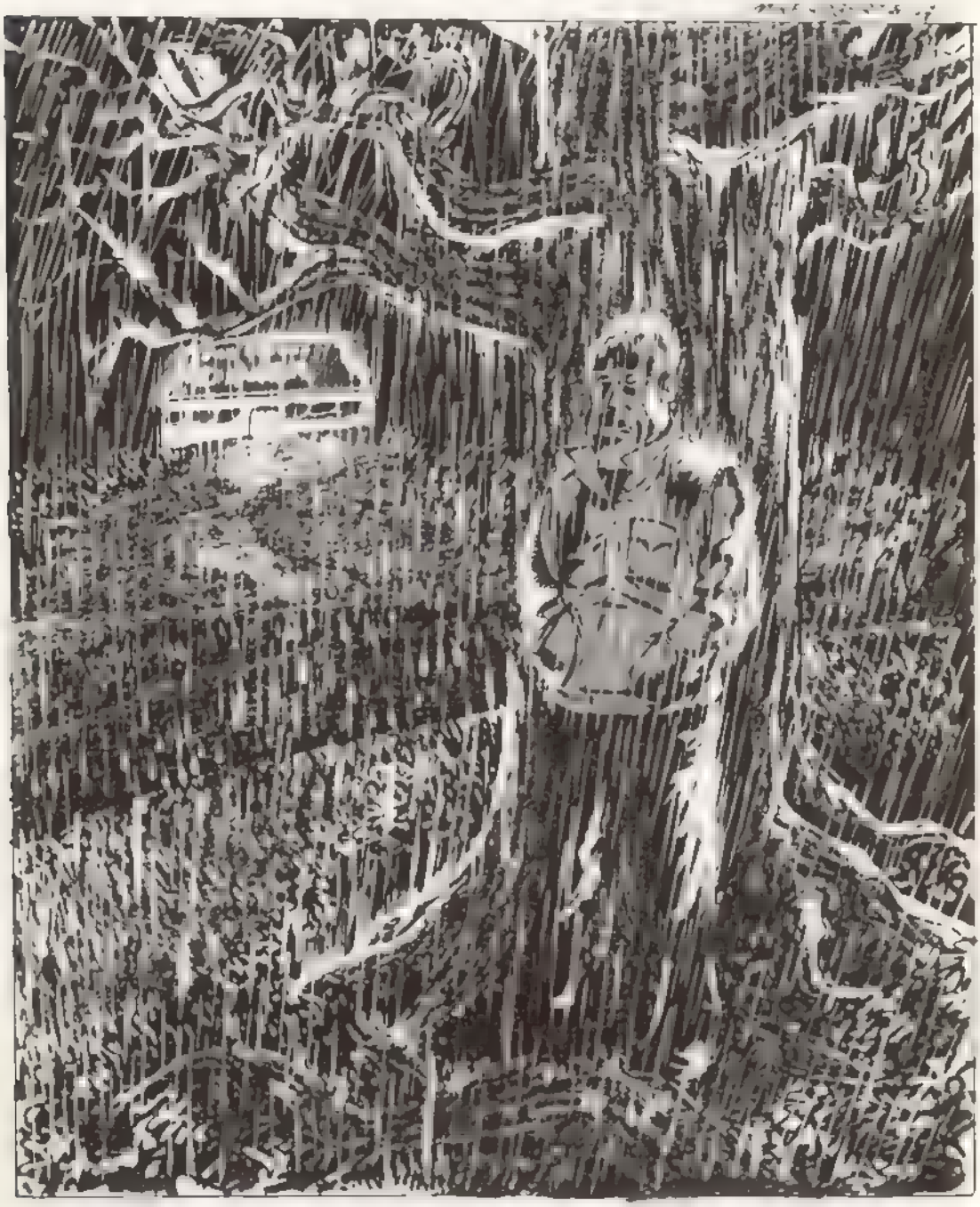
BUT WE HAD NO IDEA IT WAS YOU. I'D GOTTEN SOME PRANK THREATS AGAINST MY LIFE, SO WE SET UP THIS LITTLE RUSE!
YVETTE, YOU CAN CALL IN THE SECURITY AGENTS NOW!

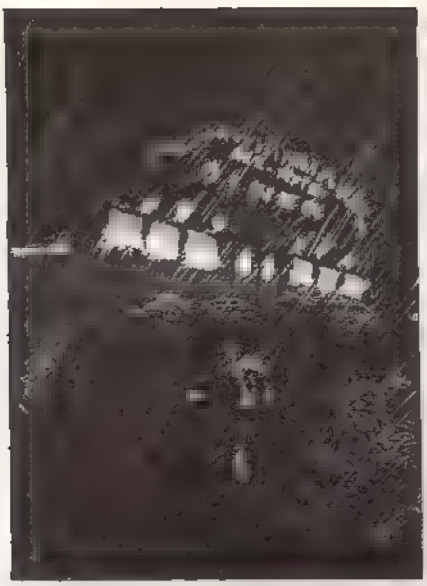
I REALIZE IT WAS WRONG TO LEAVE YOU AND MONIQUE BEHIND, BUT I'M SURE AS HELL NOT GOING TO DIE FOR MY MISTAKE.
YOU SON OF A BITCH WITH A LITTLE GIRLFRIEND YET! WHY COULDN'T I HAVE KILLED YOU!

YOU LOUSY ROTTEN BASTARD
TAKE HER AWAY.

SOMETIME LATER
I'M RETIRED REMEMBER?
AND BESIDES I DON'T USUALLY MAKE THE SAME MISTAKE TWICE!
AND IF WE DO GET MARRIED, AND NOTICE I SAID IF HOW CAN I BE SURE YOU WON'T RUN OFF TO SOME STAR AND LEAVE ME BEHIND?
END

MARTIAN MERINGUE

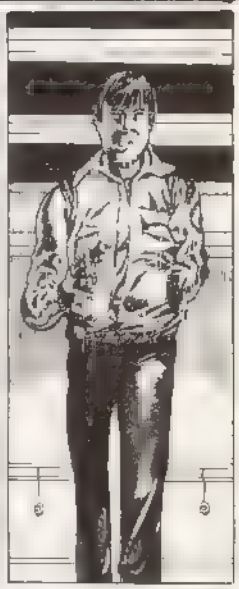




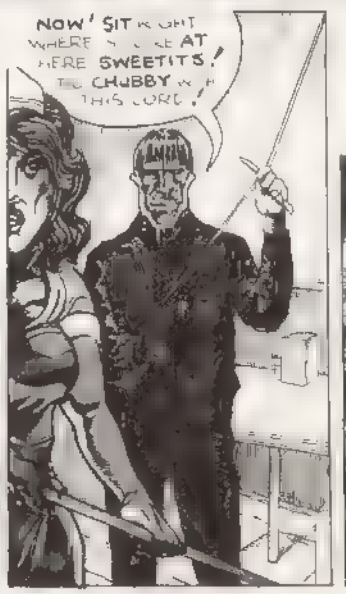
WHADDA YA MEAN, YOU WANNA RAISE! I PUT UP WITH THE SAME CRAPOLA YOU DO. BESIDES, YOU'RE MY WIFE AND YOU DON'T GET RAISES
DO YOU HAVE TO REMIND ME.

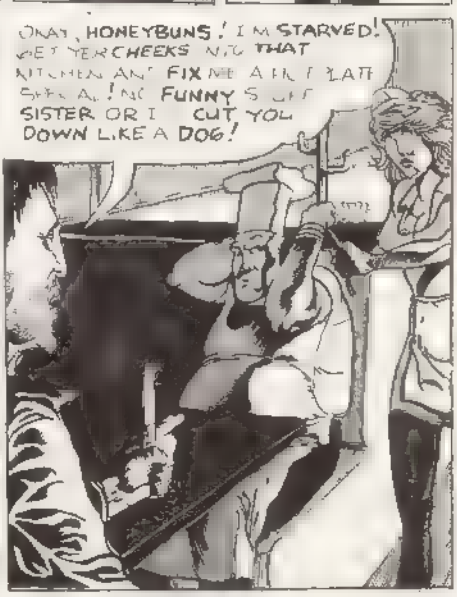
THANK YOU!

FOR CRISSAKES! NO AGAIN!



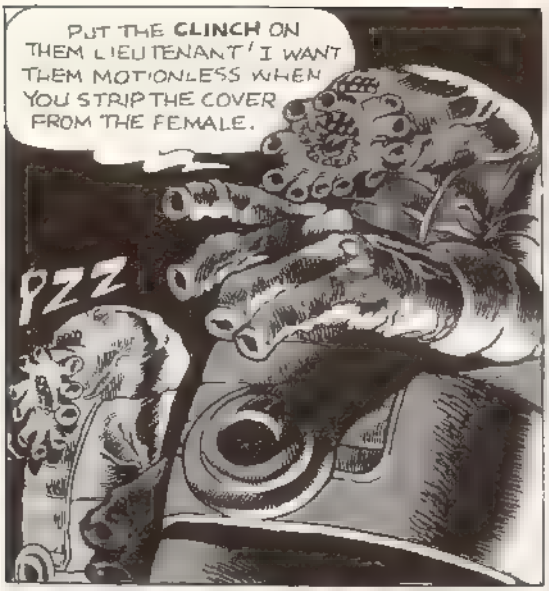
CAN I UNCLE FUDD! YER CLOSED! TURN OFF THAT DAMN NEON SIGN! I'LL SEE TO THE SHADES FOR YA!

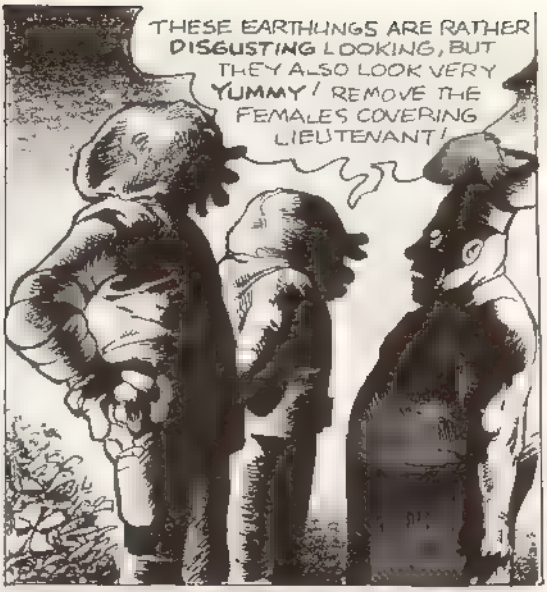

NOW! SIT RIGHT WHERE YOU ARE AT HERE SWEETITS! THE CHUBBY WITH THIS CORD!


OKAY, HONEYBUNS! I'M STARVED! GET YER CHEEKS INTO THAT KITCHEN AN' FIX ME A HOT PLATE SPECIAL! NO FUNNY STUFF SISTER OR I CUT YOU DOWN LIKE A DOG!

COME ON YA SLUT!
IT'S READY, IT'S READY!
ARE YOU THAT ESCAPED MURDERER THE POLICE ARE LOOKING FOR!
YA KNOW, YEW TALK TOO MUCH!
DONT WORRY! LOCAL FOLKS SHUN 5 LIKE FOR INSTANCE WHAT HAPPENED TO HENRY YESTERDAY!
FOR CHRISSAKES EDITH! THIS ISN'T THE TIME TO BE RAKING MY BROTHER OVER THE COALS!
PEOPLE AVOID US LIKE THE PLAGUE BECAUSE OF HENRY! THIS IS IT! I'M THROUGH! I'M DUMPING YER FAT ASS YOU SONOFABITCH!
MENU
SHUT THE FUCK UP! HERE! GAG THAT FAT TUB OF GUTS!
FOP
NOW LADY! SUPPOSE YOU TELL ME WHO THIS HENRY IS! IF YOU'RE HOLDING SOMETHING OUT ON ME I'LL DRILL YA RIGHT HERE!
TAKE IT EASY! EAT YOUR DINNER! HENRY COMES AND GOES AROUND HERE, IF HE DOES, NOBODY PAYS HIM ANY MIND. HE'S TOUCHED IN THE HEAD, AND HARMLESS!

ENJOY YOUR MEAL AND I'LL EXPLAIN ABOUT HENRY AND THAT FAT JERK OVER THERE! AS I WAS SAYING, NO ONE FROM AROUND THIS AREA COMES HERE ANYMORE. IT'S ONLY THE PASSING THROUGH THAT STOP SOMEHOW THIS DINER ATTRACTS THE BIZARRE! THE BIZARREST HAPPENED JUST THREE DAYS AGO!
IT WAS JUST GETTING DARK WHEN I WENT OUT BACK TO EMPTY SOME TRASH. I HEARD A WHIRRING NOISE, THE SKY BEGAN TO GET BRIGHT, THIS ELECTRICAL SMELL WAS IN THE AIR! I TURNED AND LOOKED UP AND SAW THIS HUGE DISC COMING DOWN FROM THE SKY!
DONT LAUGH! LET ME FINISH! WELL, I WAS PANIC STRICKEN TO SAY THE LEAST AND ALL I COULD DO WAS SCREAM!
MY HUSBAND AND HENRY CAME RUNNING, BY THE WAY HENRY'S THE UNDERTAKER IN THESE PARTS, IT'S THE ONLY DECENT JOB THE DUMMY CAN HOLD DOWN
NOW WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU GOOD LORD!
THEN WE ALL GOT SCARED! A FLYING SAUCER HAD LANDED AND THESE THINGS WERE COMING OUT OF THIS SPACE SHIP, IT HAD US SPELLBOUND! SO THERE WE WERE, STANDING OUT IN THE COLD GAWKING!
I HAVE THEM IN PARALYZING RANGE CAPTAIN!
GOOD! LETS CONVERSE WITH THE DISGUSTING THINGS!


PUT THE CLINCH ON THEM LIEUTENANT! I WANT THEM MOTIONLESS WHEN YOU STRIP THE COVER FROM THE FEMALE.
PZZ


THESE EARTHLINGS ARE RATHER DISGUSTING LOOKING, BUT THEY ALSO LOOK VERY YUMMY! REMOVE THE FEMALES COVERING LIEUTENANT!

AH! NICE PLUMP PRIME! I THINK SHE WILL DO NICELY!
SLURK

AND YOU, FAT EARTHLING! YOU WILL PREPARE AND COOK THIS FEMALE! YOU MIGHT CALL US INTERPLANETARY CONNISSIEURS OF ALIEN FLESH! IT COULD BE A PROFITABLE ENTERPRISE FOR ME TO EXPLOIT YOUR RACE FOR MY FLESH PEDDLING BUSINESS!

I KNOW WE WILL NOT BE INTERRUPTED! WE HAVE SPECIFICALLY SELECTED THIS OUT OF THE WAY PLACE FOR OUR MISSION! WE HAVE OBSERVED YOU SUFFICENTLY ENOUGH TO KNOW!

NOW, LIEUTENANT! EXECUTE THE FEMALE SO WE MAY BEGIN MY MEAL, I'M FAMISHED!
NO! PLEASE!
WAIT!

YOU MAY BE MOTIONLESS EARTHLING, BUT I SEE YOU SPEAK LOUDLY! WHY SHOULD WE WAIT! DO YOU WISH TO TAKE HER PLACE!
I AM AN UNDERTAKER! I CAN SERVE YOU A MEAL FAR BETTER THAN THE FEMALE!
YOU TRY MY PATIENCE EARTHMAN! EXPLAIN THIS WORD UNDERTAKER!
I'LL EXPLAIN THIS WAY! EARTHLINGS ARE STILL A PRIMITIVE RACE AS YOU CAN SEE! MANY OF OUR RACE CONSUME OUR OWN KIND FOR NUTRITION! I, THE UNDERTAKER, PREPARE THE FLESH FOR CONSUMPTION! I WAS JUST MAKING A DELIVERY TO THIS RESTAURANT WHEN YOU CAME ALONG!
PERHAPS I WOULD BE INTERESTED IN YOUR PROPOSITION!
DESERT! YES! HERE, YOU'LL ENJOY OUR PASTRY SPECIALTIES! MORE COFFEE! AS I WAS SAYING, MY HUSBAND AND I FIGURED OUT HENRYS PLAN! HE WAS UP TO HIS TYPICAL MORBIDITY! BUT AT LEAST HE WAS SAVING MY LIFE IN EXCHANGE FOR A GHASTLY CORPSE! HENRY TOLD THE MARTIAN CAPTAIN HE WOULD SHOW HIM REAL PRIME HUMAN FLESH, BUT HE WOULD NEED MY HUSBAND AND I TO HELP CARRY IN HIS WARES! THOSE DAMN MARTIANS KEPT ME STILL RUNNING AROUND NAKED IN THE COLD!
OH YEAH!

WELL HENRY **FINALLY** CONVINCED THE MARTIAN CAPTAIN THAT THE **CORPSE** WAS AN ALREADY **PREPARED HUMAN MEAL**! ALL IT NEEDED WAS **BAKING**!

WE **LUGGED** THAT **DAMN** CORPSE INTO THE KITCHEN WHERE THOSE **HORRID CREATURES** COULD WATCH US **BAKE** IT.

I ALMOST **PUKED** AT THE SIGHT OF **HUMAN FLESH SIMMERING** IN THE OVEN!

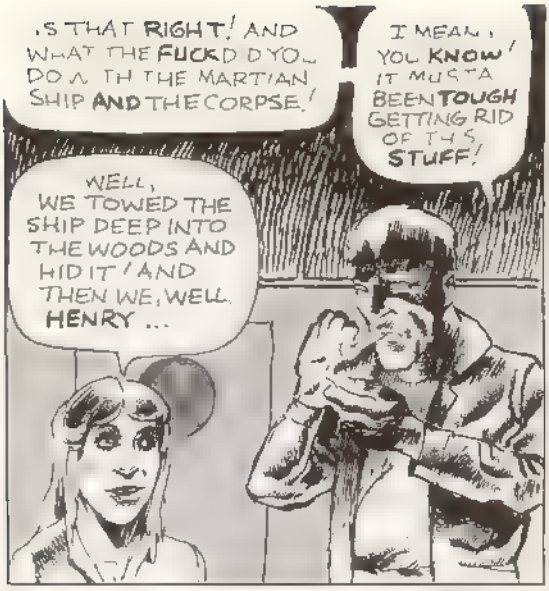
THE **GHASTLY** THING HAD **FINALLY** FINISHED BAKING, AND WE **SERVED** IT TO THE MARTIAN!

THAT **HIDIOUS** ALIEN **SUCKED A CHUNK** OFF THE CORPSE AND JUST NODDED. HE TOOK A **SECOND** CHUNK AND SAID THAT IT HAD A **STRONG** TASTE!

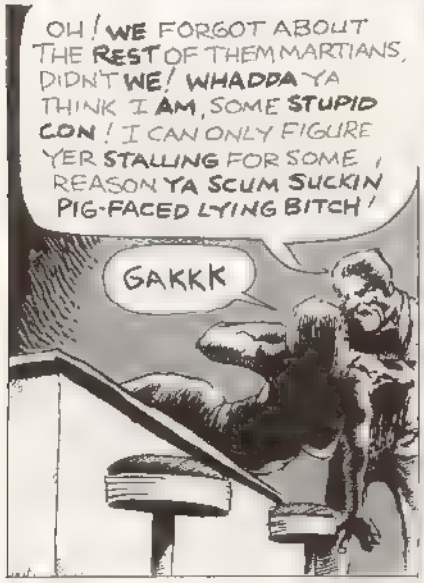
IT WASN'T UNTIL HE HAD **DEVOURED** ONE BUTTOCK WHEN IT **HIT** HIM.

THE MARTIAN CAPTAIN STOOD **STRAIGHT UP**, HIS **BODY** SHIVERING, HE **GAGGED** AND GRABBED A **HANDFUL** OF **TENTACLES** AND **KEELED** OVER **DEAD**! ITS **TINY** EYES SURE **BUGGED** OUT LIKE **GOLF BALLS**!

OH **YEAH**! I KNOW I'M **ASKING** FOR IT BUT **WHAT KILLED** THE MARTIAN!


IS THAT RIGHT! AND WHAT THE FUCKD DYOU DO WITH THE MARTIAN SHIP AND THE CORPSE!
I MEAN, YOU KNOW! IT MUSTA BEEN TOUGH GETTING RID OF THIS STUFF!
WELL, WE TOWED THE SHIP DEEP INTO THE WOODS AND HID IT! AND THEN WE, WELL, HENRY ...

DON'T TELL ME YA STUFFED THE DAMN MARTIAN AND HUNG HIS HEAD OVER YER MANTLE!


OH! WE FORGOT ABOUT THE REST OF THEM MARTIANS, DIDN'T WE! WHADDA YA THINK I AM, SOME STUPID CON! I CAN ONLY FIGURE YER STALLING FOR SOME REASON YA SCUM SUCKIN PIG-FACED LYING BITCH!
GAKKK

WHAM
RIPPP

SMAK

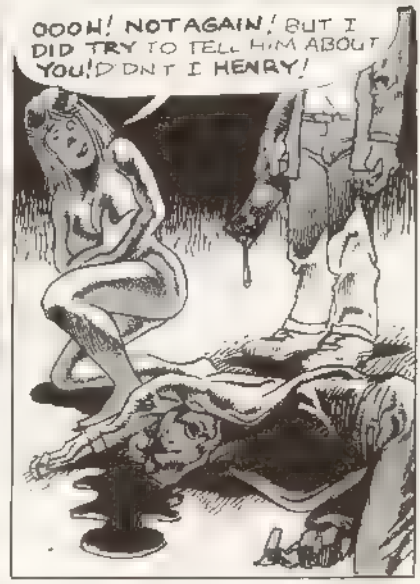
COME ON! WHAT ARE YOU STALLING FOR!
OR, ARE YOU TRYING TO SCARE ME OFF WITH WILD TALES OF A MANIAC IN-LAW, DEAD BODIES MARTIANS! HAW! GET SERIOUS BROAD!

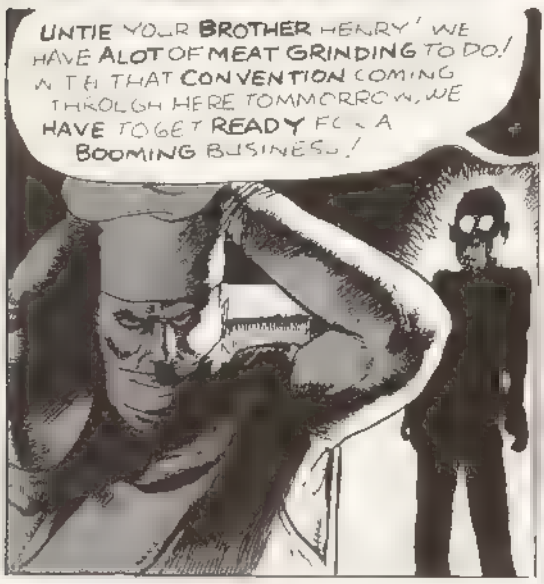
MMMFFF!

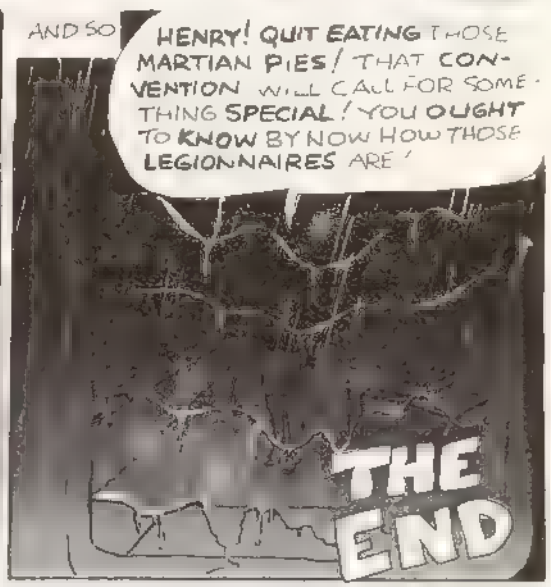
CRAZY AIN'T CHA HONEY BUNS! WELL, LETS JUST SEE HOW CRAZY WE CAN REALLY GET!

YOU'RE RIGHT ABOUT ONE THING WHORE! YER PIE IS OUT OF THIS WORLD AN I'M GONNA EAT THE BIGGEST PIECE RIGHT NOW!

CHOP

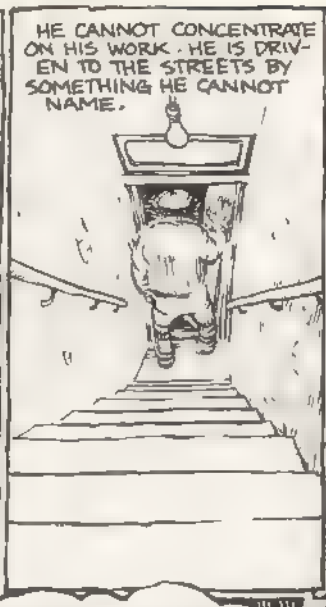

OOOH! NOT AGAIN! BUT I DID TRY TO TELL HIM ABOUT YOU! D'ONT I HENRY!


UNTIE YOUR BROTHER HENRY! WE HAVE ALOT OF MEAT GRINDING TO DO! WITH THAT CONVENTION COMING THROUGH HERE TOMMORROW, WE HAVE TO GET READY FOR A BOOMING BUSINESS!


AND SO
HENRY! QUIT EATING THOSE MARTIAN PIES! THAT CONVENTION WILL CALL FOR SOMETHING SPECIAL! YOU OUGHT TO KNOW BY NOW HOW THOSE LEGIONNAIRES ARE!
THE END

TALES OF GREGOR, PURPLEASS BABOON

by Frons



'M AN ABORTION OF THE MEDIA MACHINE! MY SEX LIFE WAS RUINED BY HUGH HEFNER! WHEN I WAS FINALLY SEDUCED IT WAS BY A TELEVISION SET'
HE WANTS CHARLIE'S ANGELS. PORNO TV. UNDERWATER BLOW-JOBS. A BIG MAGNUM.
BABY! BABY
BLAM
HE WANT TO FUCK FARRAH..IN THE ASS!
I'M THE FUCKING 6 MILLION DOLLAR MONKEY! OOK! OOK!
HE LOATHES HIS DESIRES AND PURSUES THEM WITH DEMENTED FERVOR...
THINK I'M GONNA PUKE!
HIS LATEST KICK IS WEIGHTLIFTING
ARNOLD SAYS THAT THE PAIN MEANS THE MUSCLES ARE GROWING!
WE DON'T SEE HIM FOR A WHILE. LATER HE SHOWS UP AT THE CAFE, DRINKING EXCESSIVE NUMBERS OF CAFÉ LATTES AND CHAINSMOKING EGYPTIAN CIGARETTES. HE'S SOLD HIS WEIGHTS.
I NEED 14 YEAR OLDS AND A MILLION DOLLARS. I'M A DIRTY LITTLE MONKEY AND I'M TOTALLY OUT OF CONTROL
ROCK ON DADDY!
G.Trump©1989

SOME BINARY SYSTEMS NOTES ON 20TH CENTURY FOX

- **INTRODUCTION:** REFERRING BACK TO DWC&S #'S 1 & 2. FOR THE BASICS OF BINARY SYSTEMS ANALYSIS, YOU FIND THAT A SYSTEM IS DEFINED BY A BOUNDARY THAT DETERMINES THE POSSESSION / LACK OF AN ATTRIBUTE. NORMALLY INTERNAL COMMUNICATION WITHIN THE SYSTEM BOUNDARY IS MUCH HIGHER THAN ACROSS THE BOUNDARY BECAUSE THE BOUNDARY IS SO IMPORTANT IN DEFINING THE SYSTEM IN ON/OFF BRAIN SYNAPSES THE BOUNDARY AND COMMUNICATION ACROSS THE BOUNDARY ARE TABOO, BUT ARE THE MOST IMPORTANT ELEMENTS IN UNDERSTANDING THE SYSTEM

- **SEX:** FOR THE HUMAN BODY SYSTEM THE SKIN IS THE SYSTEM BOUNDARY. THE VARIOUS BREAKS / HOLES IN THE SKIN AND EMISSIONS / INTRUSIONS ACROSS / THROUGH THE SKIN ARE VERY TABOO LADEN THE SKIN BOUNDARY IS COMPLICATED BY THE MALE / FEMALE SEXUAL ATTRIBUTE / DISCRIMINATION. THIS DISCRIMINATION DEFINED BY THE PLEASURE / GOOD SYSTEM INTERACTION ARISES FROM ITS NECESSITY FOR GENE SURVIVAL BODIES ARE ONLY CARRIERS FOR GENETIC / BIT ATTRIBUTE SETS, AND SEX THROUGH GENETIC / MUTATION / EVOLUTION PROVIDES FOR GENE SURVIVAL THIS SUBJECT WAS PRETTY WELL COVERED IN LARRY GONICKS A CARTOON HISTORY OF THE UNIVERSE

- **DEATH:** DEATH IS THE ULTIMATE END OF THE BODY SYSTEM DEFINITION AND THEREFORE FOR THE INDIVIDUAL THE ULTIMATE TABOO IT IS COMPLETELY ANTI-SYSTEM HOWEVER, IT IS NECESSARY FOR SPECIES EVOLUTION / SURVIVAL. THROUGH SEXUAL REPRODUCTION AND GENE SET MUTATION, AGAIN, BODIES ARE JUST GENE CARRIERS AND WHILE BODY / DEATH OCCURS THE GENE SET PASSES "ALIVE" FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION CHANGING AND SURVIVING ONLY BECAUSE OF BODY DEATH

- **VIOLENCE:** THE BAD / PAINFUL BODY-SYSTEM INTERACTION ASSOCIATED WITH THE THREAT OF DEATH AGAIN, BEHIND THIS SYSTEM INTERACTION IS A GENETIC BEHAVIORAL PATTERN, THOSE SYSTEMS EMPLOYING VIOLENCE SUCCESSFULLY AUTOMATICALLY SURVIVE / DOMINATE SKIN-BREAKING DEATH THREAT AS AN INEVITABLE / FUNDAMENTAL BUILT INTO HUMAN SYSTEMS THROUGH AN ENTROPY ORIENTED TIME AXIS

- **PRE-HISTORY:** MAN EVOLVED ON A BIOLOGICAL / GENETIC BASE IN A RELATIVELY STABLE ENVIRONMENT DURING MOST OF HIS DEVELOPMENT. SURVIVAL AUTOMATICALLY PROGRAMMED MAN BIOLOGICALLY / GENETICALLY COMPATIBLE WITH HIS NATURAL ENVIRONMENT GENETIC / BIOLOGICAL SEX / VIOLENCE / DEATH OPERATED ON AN INDIVIDUAL BASIS ECONOMICALLY MAN WAS BREAK EVEN / BARE SUBSISTENCE DIVISION OF LABOR WAS PRIMARILY ON A SEXUAL / (AGE) BASIS AND EACH MEMBER OF THE COMMUNITY WAS NECESSARY FOR SURVIVAL

- **20TH CENTURY:** ANOTHER TYPE OF EVOLUTION NOW DOMINATES THE GENETIC / BIOLOGICAL BASED ON GENE / SYSTEMS DEFINITION. INFORMATION / SOCIOLOGICAL EVOLUTION NOW HAS TAKEN OVER. ORDER / DEFINITION IS MAINTAINED THROUGH INFORMATION BITS / BRAIN RATHER THAN GENE BITS / BEHAVIOR SOCIAL EVOLUTION ON A SUPER ORGANISM · SUPER SYSTEM (NON-INDIVIDUAL) BASIS HAS BEEN SO SUCCESSFUL AND RAPID THAT IT HAS OUTSTRIPPED BIOLOGICAL EVOLUTION. THE DOMINANT SOCIAL-ENVIRONMENT IS CHANGING SO RAPIDLY THAT MAN CANNOT ADEQUATELY ADAPT TO IT BIOLOGICALLY SEX AND VIOLENCE AND DEATH NO LONGER HAVE IMMEDIATE MEANING ON PRIMARILY AN INDIVIDUAL LEVEL. BUT RATHER HAVE BEEN CO-OPTED EXPLOITATIVELY BY SOCIETY AS MANIPULATIVE CONCEPTS FOR THE MASSES THROUGH MEDIA PLEASURE / PAIN PAVLOVIAN PROPAGANDA / BRAINWASHING. INDIVIDUAL'S PRIMARY SOCIOLOGICAL FUNCTION ARE / IS AS CARRIERS OF KNOWLEDGE THE KNOWLEDGE IS CARRIED PRIMARILY THROUGH ROLE DEFINITION IN AN INCREASING ROLE SPECIALIZATION AND DIVISION OF LABOR FAR BEYOND SEXUAL / BOUNDARIES. PRIMITIVE DIVISION OF LABOR MULTIPLIED AND ALLOWED A SURPLUS THROUGH IMPROVED EFFICIENCY / SURVIVAL THE SURPLUS / IDLE ALLOWED ECONOMIC CONCENTRATION OF POWER IN NON PRODUCTIVE INDIVIDUALS WHO IMPOSED THROUGH VIOLENCE SOCIAL STANDARDS / LAWS WHICH WERE THE SEEDS OF A NEW FORM OF SOCIOLOGICAL EVOLUTION

- **PRE-HISTORIC MAN IN THE 20TH CENTURY:** 20TH CENTURY FOX IS THE STORY OF A BIOLOGICAL / GENETIC PERSON IN A SOCIALOGICAL / INFORMATION MILIEU DEALING IN TERMS OF TABOO SYSTEM INTERACTIONS WHICH IRREVERSIBLY HAVE LOST THEIR ORIGINAL MEANING & FUNCTION. THE NATURE OF MAN IS GRADUALLY CHANGING AS THOSE WHO ARE COMPATIBLE WITH THE NEW SOCIETY SURVIVE IT WILL BE A FUNDAMENTALLY DIFFERENT TYPE OF MAN SURVIVABILITY PLEASURE / PAIN IN TERMS OF RAPIDLY CHANGING SOCIETAL / INFORMATION BITS RATHER THAN BEHAVIORAL PLEASURE / PAIN IN A STABLE GENETIC BIT ENVIRONMENT PEOPLE ARE CHEAP INTERCHANGEABLE, REDUNDANT UNITS IN A SOCIAL SUPERORGANISM NOT REQUIRED AS IN A PRIMITIVE SOCIETY FOR COMMUNITY SURVIVAL. SEX AND VIOLENCE FOR GOALS BECOME MEANING LESS EXPLOITIVE SEXISM AND SADISM REFLECTING SOCIETYS VALUE ON INDIVIDUALS PESSIMISTICALLY AS SOCIETY IS NOT BEING DESIGNED COMPATIBLY WITH MAN'S BIOLOGICAL / BEHAVIORAL / GENETIC NATURE AND INSTEAD IS EVOLVING ON IT'S OWN TERMS TO WHICH MAN MUST ADAPT NOT AS A CREATIVE PARTICIPANT BUT AS A CARRIER OF SOCIAL LEARNED BEHAVIOR PATTERNS. INSTINCTIVE GENETIC BEHAVIOR IS A THROWBACK. MAN'S BIOLOGICAL NATURE IS MORE ATTUNED TO PICKING BANANAS OFF TREES THAN MANAGING THE DEVELOPMENT OF SYSTEMS A ROLLER COASTER TO HELL ENJOY THE RIDE / ENTROPY / TIME PATH

- **ROADS / ROLES / CARS / RADIOS:** I SEE I'VE GOT A LITTLE MORE SPACE NOT ONLY HAS DIVISION OF LABOR INCREASED THE NUMBER OF ECONOMIC / ROLES BUT PEOPLE OFTEN SCHIZOPHRENICALLY OPERATE IN SEVERAL DIFFERENT ROLES A DAY. THE ROLES ARE USUALLY BOUNDARY / GEOGRAPHICALLY SEPARATED THE BOUNDARIES CROSSED BY BOUNDARY ROADS WITH MAN SYSTEMATIZED IN HIS CAR. A VERY TABOO, VIOLENCE LADEN SITUATION CAR RADIOS PLAYING THE SAME INFORMATION SET TO MILLIONS IN THE PROCESS OF CHANGING ROLES CRASH MILLIONS OF ROLE CHANGES ON A SMALL ARTIFIAL STRIP WHILE ONLY A FEW FEET AWAY NO FOOT STEPS, GRASS GROWS ETC TINKERING LINEAR MENTALITY

- **PLEASE:** FORWARD ANY COMMENTS, FEEDBACK QUESTIONS, LETTERS, CRITICISM, ETC YOU HAVE

IN OUR FUTURE

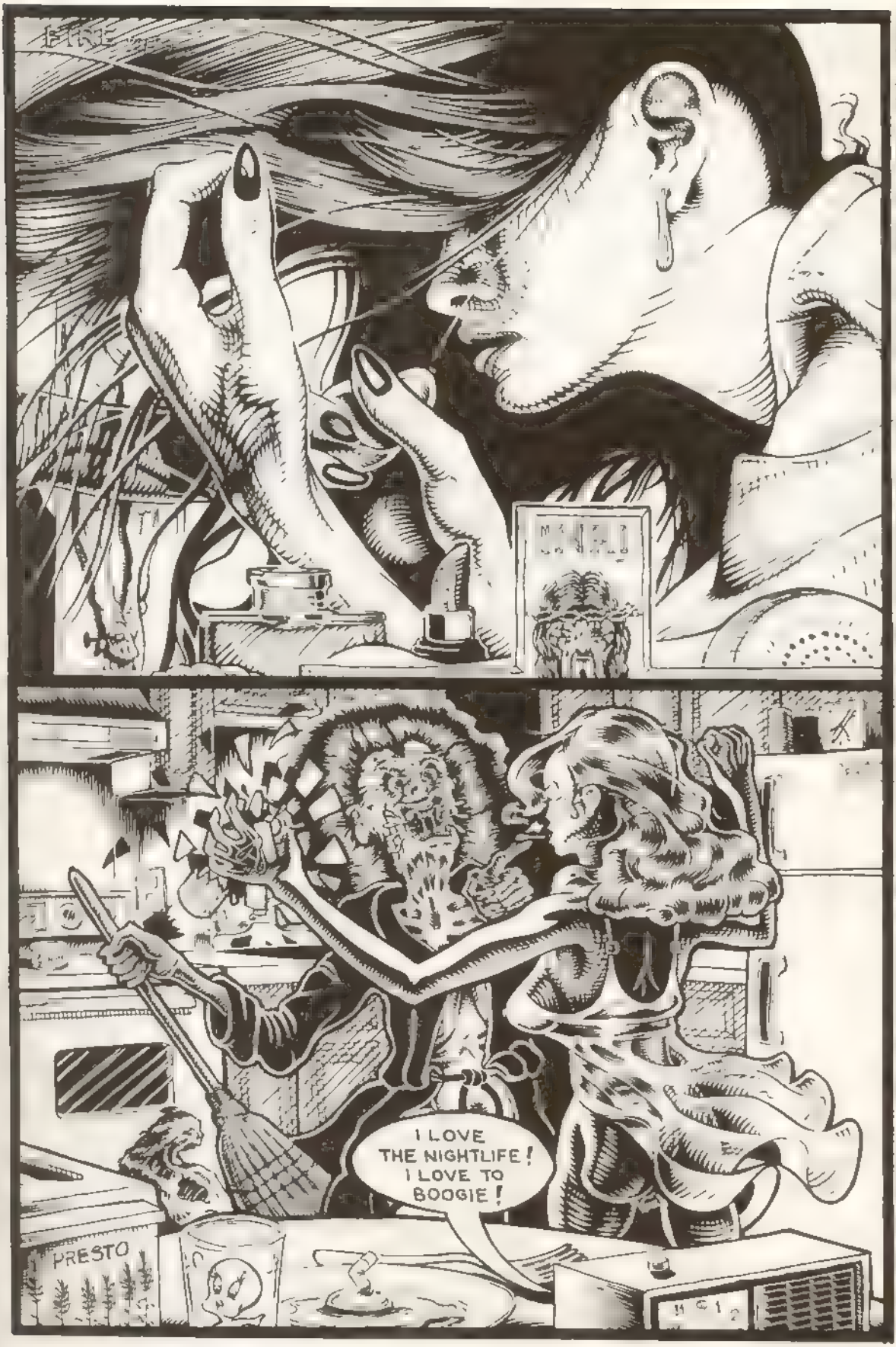
IMAGINARY LOVER

BURN!
BABY BURN
- DISCO -
INFERNO
KISS
Coca-Cola

M.P.D.
RON
GIN

5 THE IMAGE THE FACE OBSESSION) STARING THE LIFE FROM EYES WITHER & DIE

6 THE TRUTH THE WILL REVEALED, THROUGH YOUR JOURNEY WE'LL HUNTING FOUND

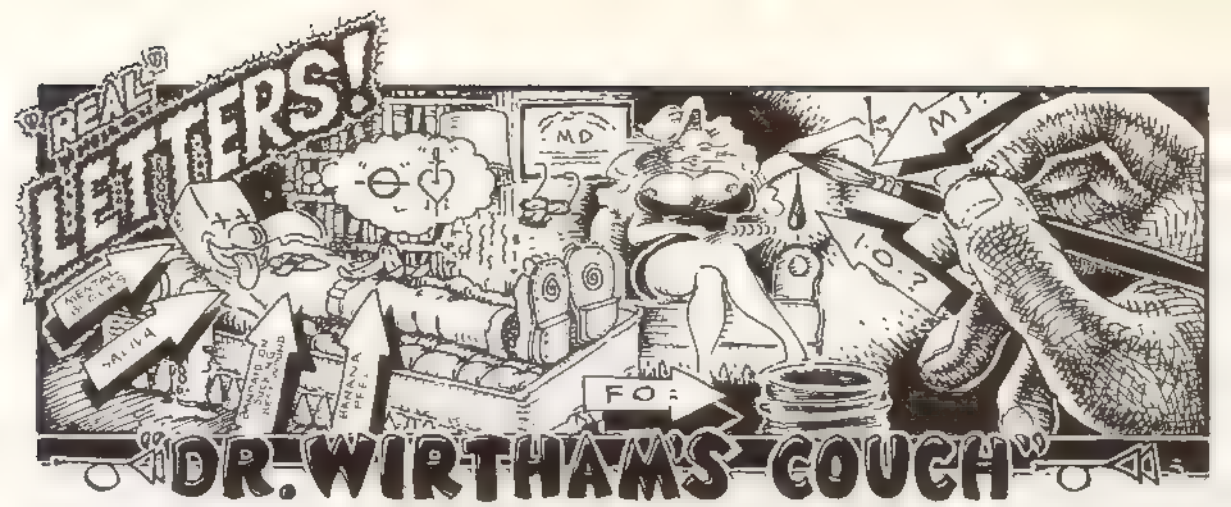

I LOVE THE NIGHTLIFE! I LOVE TO BOOGIE!
PRESTO

1 THE PEEPS (JOE HEFFY 1937) THANKSGIVING DAY OF 1939

© THE ENDING (JOE HEFFY 1937) THANKSGIVING DAY OF 1939

© 1979 J HENDR & ALL ALONG THE WATCHTOWER V M MOONDANCE J P

NO CLUES



GENTLEMAN=,
I AM RETURNING DR WIRTHAM'S COMIX #1 I FIND IT A TERRIBLE PUT DOWN, THE ART IS HORRIBLE, THE SUBJECT MATTER TASTELESS IT'S NEITHER ADULT, OR IN GOOD TASTE. IF YOU HAVE AN ADULT COMIC IN MIND, DO IT. NOT WHAT YOU SENT TO ME YOUR AD... PROMISED A LOT AND YOU DIDN'T DELIVER ITS NOT HOT STUFF, ITS NOT EVEN LUKE WARM. I EXPECT EITHER A REFUND OR ANOTHER COMIC WITH MORE OF WHAT YOU PROMISE!
SAUL PELLON, BAYSIDE, NY

DEAR CLIFF=
THANKS A LOT FOR YOUR MOST INTERESTING DOCTOR WILLIAM'S COMICS AND STORYS. IT'S REALLY FAR OUT AND I HOPE YOU CAN USE THE PERSONALLY AUTOGRAPHED PICTURE I'M SENDING YOU IN FACT IF YOU PUT MY PICTURE IN YOUR ISSUE I'LL PUT YOU IN ME!!
LOVE AND MISS NUDE AMERICA KISSES
CHERYL, THE "NEW" MISS NUDE AMERICA
NAKED CITY, ROSE LAWN, INDIANA

CLIFFORD NEAL=
PLEASE SEND ME "DR WIRTHAMS COMIX & STORIES #1. ENCLOSED $1.00 FOR IT
SINCERELY, FREDRIC WERTHAM, M D,
PS. I AM OVER 18!

DEAR CLIFF=
.. I NEVER HEARD OF DWC&S WHO OR WHAT IS IT? ... ARE YOU CONNECTED WITH THIS UGLY BUSINESS? AND IF SO HOW AND WHY? ESPECIALLY IF YOU HAVE F.B.I. CONNECTIONS... IF MISSPELLING AND POOR GRAMMAR ARE STANDARD YOU HAVE NOTHING BUT MY CONTEMPT.. DO YOU HAVE A SENSE OF HUMOR?... I SUSPECT THAT YOU ARE ONE'S FRIENDLY LOCAL IDIOT
MUCH LOVE,
LYNNE CHEBLIE, LAGUNA BEACH, CA

DEAR CLIFF=
YEAH, I READ DWC&S... IT'S THE FIRST COMIC I'VE ACTUALLY READ IN MONTHS--MAYBE YEARS I ENJOYED IT... REALLY NOT BAD
WALLY WOOD, DERBY, CONN

CLIFFORD NEAL, SP4 1 EA ML 22
SAY CHUMP! I GOT YOUR PERVERTED ARTWORK ABOUT 2 AND A HALF WEEKS AGO AND HAVE BEEN SICK TO MY STOMACH EVER SINCE HOW FUCKING RIDICULOUS CAN YOU GET? I MEAN IF YOUR IDEA OF A GOOD TIME IS WATCHING SOME LEATHER CLAD WRENCH PULLING A FUCKING 2 INCH GAUGE LINK CHAIN OUT OF HER BLOODY CUNT THEN GIVE RALPH STEADMAN A CALL AND HE MIGHT LET YOU HANDLE HIS GROWING STATIONARY ACCOUNTS LETS BE REAL NEAL! WHAT YOU HAVE UNLEASHED IS AN UNTAMED DEMON THAT POSES A THREAT TO ALL READERS OF THE SLICK MATERIAL THAT AVAILS ITSELF TO THE VAST WASTELAND OF NEWSPAPER STANDS# YOUR RANK ASTONISHING, AMBIGUOUS-, AND SOMEWHAT AMATEURISH ARTWORK... ENOUGH... I AM INTO PROFESSIONAL WEATHER (WBRZ, WJBO, WEMF)..
ARF! DR. TERRY (UNCLE SAM) BURHANS
BATON ROUGE, LOUISIANA

DEAR CLIFFORD
I HAVE BEEN PROMPTED TO WRITE TO YOU IN RESPONSE TO YOUR REQUEST FOR SOME FEEDBACK. IT WASN'T UNTIL I READ DWC&S #2 THAT I NOTICED ANYTHING REALLY UNUSUAL ABOUT THE COVER OF #1.
WHEN I LOOKED CLOSELY I STARTED TO NOTICE THINGS YOU HAD INCORPORATED IN THE COVER UNFORTUNATELY I GOT VERY LITTLE NEWS OF VAUGHN BODES DEATH, BUT I TAKE IT THAT HE HANGED HIMSELF - ACCIDENTALLY?
I WAS PARTICULARLY INTRIGUED BY THE "SIGNATURE" WHICH APPEARS TO EXPRESS TWO RELATIONSHIPS
01 = IF = 'BOX' (I'M AFRAID IM TOO PRUDISH TO PUT THAT WORD INTO PRINT, STUPID ISN'T IT?) IS IT COINCIDENCE THAT 'IF' IS THE 2'S COMPLEMENT OF '01'? IF YOU CHEAT SLIGHTLY I.E. 00001, REVERSE BITS GIVES 11110 ADD 1 GIVES 11111 = IF IN HEXADECIMAL? OBVIOUSLY THE ANSWER SHOULD BE FF BUT THAT DOESN'T QUITE FIT IN WITH YOUR REQUIREMENTS SO THATS WHAT ARTISTIC LICENSE IS ALL ABOUT
I TAKE IT THE COVER OF #2 IS A REPEAT OF THE ⊃ DIAGRAM IN #1? FIRST TIME IVE SEEN AN EYE BALL, HAH, HAH! SNUFF BOX - IS THE SNUFF PART OF THE ANAGRAM ALKILI? (I CANT FIND IT IN THE ENGLISH DICTIONARY- ONLY ALKALI) I CANT CLAIM TO UNDERSTAND FULLY WHAT'S GOING ON BUT IM SURE AS TIME GOES ON THINGS WILL START TO CLEAR UP AND I WILL GET A BETTER APPRECIATION OF YOUR THINKING ITS GOOD TO GET A COMIC THAT CHANGES VIRTUALLY EACH TIME I READ IT, AS IT MAKES ONE THINK AND INVENT ONES OWN INTERPRETATIONS, WHICH IS HALF THE FUN I GET THE SAME FEELINGS FROM SOME OF SALVADOR DALI'S PAINTINGS PARTICULARLY 'SUBURBS OF THE PARANOIAC - CRITICAL TOWN" WHICH HAS SO MANY REPEATED FORMS AND IMAGES THAT IT SURPRISES ME EACH TIME I LOOK AT IT WELL THANKS FOR LISTENING
CLIVE GENTWORTH, SOUTHWICK, ENGLAND

C K NEAL=
A SPECIAL INVITATION FOR C K NEAL-
A FASHION BULLETIN FOR FALL 78 EVERYBODY IS GOING DISCO WITH SATIN JEANS AND TUXEDO SUITS! THE GOOD WOOLS ARE BACK, IN CLASSICS FOR MEN AND WOMEN AND EVERYONE'S WEARING SOFT VELOURS THIS YEAR!
BUT, WE RE HAPPY TO SAY, THERE'S ONE STYLE

THAT NEVER GOES OUT OF FASHION, YEAR AFTER YEAR = A D&L FASHION CHARGE. WHY? BECAUSE THE STORE IN CONNECTICUT WITH FASHION FOR YOU AND YOUR FAMILY IN MIND- AND NOTHING ELSE AT D&L YOU'LL NEVER HAVE TO WADE THROUGH HOUSEWARES, TRYING TO GET TO LINGERIE!

WE'LL SEE YOU SOON!

SINCERELY YOURS PHILLIP DAVIDSON
GROTON, CONNECTICUT

DEAR CLIFF-

.. I DID ENJOY DWC&S #3 THOUGH I THINK THE MISOGNY IS GETTING A BIT MUCH. I THINK IT WOULD BE WORTH CONFRONTING THE SUBJECT DIRECTLY AND DOING A STORY DEALING PRECISELY WITH SEX ROLES AND ACTIVE/PASSIVE PROGRAMMING MOST OF THE STORIES IN #3 ONLY SEEMED TO ALLUDE TO THIS OBLIQUELY BY RETURNING AGAIN AND AGAIN TO "WOMEN AS VICTIM" FOR THEIR PLOTS. ONE DOESN'T HAVE TO BE A FEMINIST TO FIND THIS TEDIOUS, BUT ULTIMATELY A DEAD END ... I CAN DIG ON YOUR PURSUIT OF THE TRUE, BASIC, PRIMITIVE MEANING WHICH UNDERLIES THE POWER OF THE CONCEPTS OF SEX AND VIOLENCE. I FIND IT SOMEWHAT CONTRADICTORY THOUGH THAT IN PURSUING THIS, MOST OF THE WOMEN YOU DRAW IN DWC&S ARE THOROUGHLY WRAPPED UP IN THE TRAPPINGS OF CIVILIZATION (HIGH HEELS, STOCKINGS, 'DONE-UP' HAIR, ETC.)

AT ANY RATE TO DIVE FURTHER INTO THIS CONTRADICTION - WHAT IS IT THAT DOES SEEM MORE PRIMITIVE, BASE, SEXUAL, ETC ABOUT A WOMAN IN BLACK NYLONS AND HEELS, THAN A TOTALLY NAKED WOMAN? TO MAKE A LONG STORY SHORT I THINK IT IS PRECISELY THAT NYLONS, HEELS, UNDER-GARMENTS ARE ALREADY SEVERAL STEPS TAKEN TOWARDS THE CIVILIZED ENCLOSURE OF A FULLY DRESSED WOMAN. ONE'S FANTASY ABOUT SUCH A WOMAN THUS REPRESENTS PULLING THE WOMAN BACK FROM THIS CIVILIZED 'RESTRAINED" STATE TO THAT OF SEXUAL ACTION. THE HIGHER THE PEDESTAL THE MORE THRILLING THE FALL. THE IRONIC PART OF ALL THIS IS THAT IT IS ALL LARGELY THE CONSTRUCT OF THE MALE MIND. AND, TO A LARGE DEGREE, IT IS EASILY IDENTIFIED AS "SEXIST". IE DEPENDENT ON CASTING A WOMAN IN THE ROLE OF THE ACTED UPON. THE ONE WHO IS COSTUMED PUT ON THE PEDESTAL, PULLED DOWN, ETC. THE NOW FAMILIAR DANGER IN THIS IS THAT THE WOMAN TENDS TO BECOME A PYSCHOLOGICAL SYMBOL (IS FLATTENED) EMPLOYED BY THE MALE MIND CONDITIONED TO RESPOND TO SUCH SYMBOLS EG ROBERTS WOMAN ON THE BACK COVER OF #3 HAS LESS PERSONALITY THAN THAT OF THE PENILE MONSTER DROOLING ON HER. THE WOMAN IS A PROP, THE DROOL OF THE MONSTER IS THAT OF THE ARTIST/READER THE NET EFFECT IS MASTURBATORY

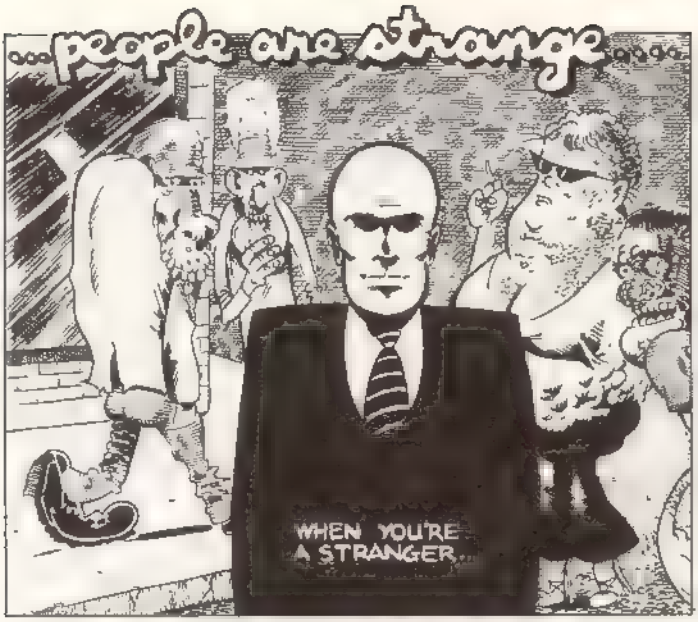
TO ME DWC&S IS DIFFERENT FROM HUSTLER. THOUGH THE QUESTION OF HUSTLER USING SEX AS A ECONOMIC COMMODITY AND DWC&S NOT DOING SO BECAUSE DWC&S DOESN'T MAKE A PROFIT IS BESIDE THE POINT... THE DIFFERENCE IS THAT DWC&S' GOAL (SEEMINGLY) IS A BIT DEEPER AND EXPLORATORY. HUSTER IS EXPLOITIVE (IN A GENERAL SENSE NOT JUST ECONOMIC) IE PUSHING THE BUTTONS IN THE MASS PYSCHE OF UNRESOLVED CONFLICTS IN ORDER TO SELL MAGAZINES WITHOUT REALLY HELPING ANYONE TO SEE THOSE CONFLICTS ANY BETTER GLONGO! THIS IS GETTING RATHER ABSTRACT I MAY PUT MYSELF TO SLEEP. TO CHANGE THE SUBJECT SLIGHTLY-- I SEE A LOT OF ART AS A RORSHACH TEST ONE CONFRONTS IT AND ASKS ONESELF "WHY DO I FIND THIS INTERESTING/REPULSIVE/FASCINATING"? WHAT DOES IT REPRESENT? BONDAGE ART CAN SERVE THIS PURPOSE I DO NOT THINK IT IS MEANT TO ENGENDER A SYMPATHETIC RESPONSE ON THE PART OF THE VIEWER FOR THE OPPRESSION OF WOMEN/PEOPLE IT CAN DO THAT I SUPPOSE IF ONE MAINTAINS SOME SORT OF COSMIC DETACHMENT FROM IT ALL BUT MAINLY I THINK IT 1) DRAINS OFF NEUROTIC COMPULSIONS ON THE PART OF THE ARTIST 2) TRIGGERS AND/OR RELIEVES UNRESOLVED CONFLICTS AND REPRESSED ANGER, GUILT, AND RESENTMENTS ON THE PART OF THE VIEWER AND 3) REPRESENTS A FORM OF ALMOST POLITICAL PROPAGANDA BY THE MAFIA WHO HAVE A VESTED INTEREST IN KEEPING THE PAVLOVIAN PLEASURE/PAIN REFLEXES OF THIS SOCIETY GOING... I DONT KNOW THAT I HOLD AS NOSTALGIC A VIEW OF PRIMITIVE SOCIETY AS YOU... FINAL THOUGHT. THE PRIMITIVE ESSENCE OF SEX AND VIOLENCE ARE CONTAINED IN THE SUBCONSCIOUS. DISCOVERING THAT ESSENCE INVOLVES EXPLORING THE DEEPER REGIONS OF THE MIND BENEATH THE LAYER OF MEDIA/PROGRAMMING, ETC THE BEST EXAMPLE OF THIS I HAVE RUN INTO TO DATE IS A MOVIE CALLED "ERASER HEAD". ALSO CHECK OUT SUSAN SONTAG'S ESSAY ON PORN IN HER COLLECTION OF ESSAYS: STYLES OF RADICAL WILL ... WHAT I LIKE ABOUT DWC&S IS THAT YOU'VE ALWAYS SEEMED TO HAVE A GOAL OF MORE THAN JUST "ENTERTAINMENT" THUS DWC&S SEEMS MUCH MORE GENUINELY UNDERGROUND THAN MANY OK BUT UNPROVOKING COMICS. THESE DAYS JUST ABOUT ANY SHOCKING ART IS PROBABLY INITIALLY BENEFICIAL IN THAT IT SUMMONS UP RECOGNITION ON THE VIEWERS PART OF REPRESSED PORTIONS OF HIS/HER OWN SUBCONSCIOUS THIS INITIATES A PROCESS OF SELF AWARENESS (A VALUABLE GOAL, AS FAR AS I AM CONCERNED, HOWEVER THE MIND CAN RAPIDLY INCORPORATE THE PREVIOUSLY SHOCKING MATERIAL IN THE ABSENCE OF SELF-REFLECTION AND GET ADDICTED TO THE STIMULATION OF "SHOCK". OVER A PERIOD OF TIME, A PLEASURE ABLE SENSATION IS AROUSED EACH TIME THE SENSES ARE CONFRONTED WITH WHAT WAS INITALLY SHOCKING STIMULATION IS UPPED TO KEEP A BUZZ ON AND EVENTUALLY ONE IS LOOKING FOR THINGS THAT ARE FAR MORE "SHOCKING" THAN THE ORIGINAL THING BUT IRONICALLY THESE LATER MORE INTENSE STIMULATIONS MAY NOT HAVE AS MUCH EFFECT ON THE MIND AS DID THE ORIGINAL "SHOCK"...

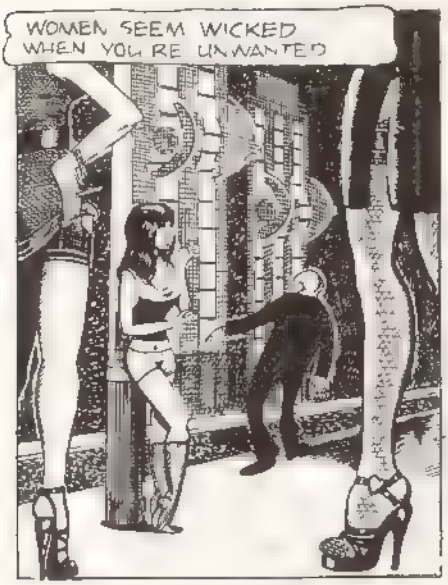
REGARDS JAY KINNEY, SAN FRANCISCO, CA

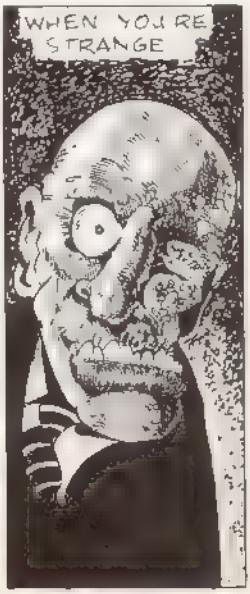
HI

SOME ONE WROTE AND TOLD ME THAT OISIF TRANSLATED AS 'CUNT'. THAT TRUE? I DONT SPEAK FORTRAN, SO YOU COULDN'T PROVE IT BY ME ... AS FOR VIOLENCE IM A FAN.. I ENJOY VIOLENCE ... I KNOW PEOPLE ARE FRUSTRATED AND FILLED WITH ANGER IN THE MODERN WORLD AND I KNOW THEY FEEL THEIR WORK HAS NO MEANING AND THIS MAKES THEM HATE STRONGLY AND DESIRE TO FIGHT AND KILL AND TO ENVY THOSE WHO HAVE THE FREEDOM TO FOLLOW THROUGH LIKE THE COPS AND CIA AND THE RANDOM ASSASINS AND MASS MURDERER - HELL, THIS IS WHY MANSON AND WHITMAN AND BERKOWITZ AND GILMORE BECOME CULTURAL HEROES .. SEXISM... ITS A CROCK OF SHIT TO ME PERSONALLY, LIKE THE WHOLE FEMINIST TRIP IVE BEEN WAITING FOR SOMEONE.. TO SAY HOW FULL OF SHIT THESE WOMEN ARE. YOURE THE FIRST IN THREE YEARS ... I GET A KICK OUT OF THE DISCUSSION NOW GOING ON IN CW. ITS AS BIZARRE AS DADA.

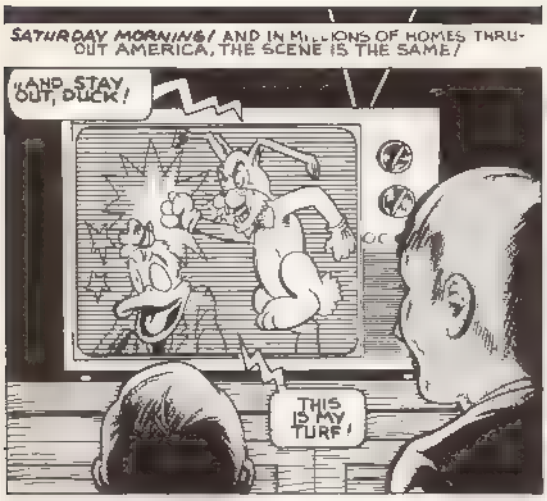
BEST CLAY GEERDES, BERKELEY, CALIF.

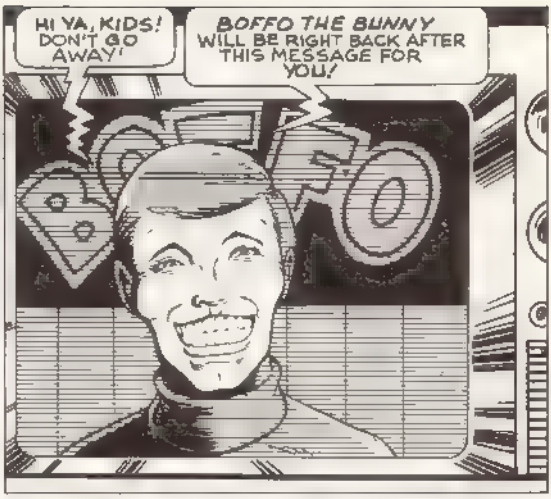






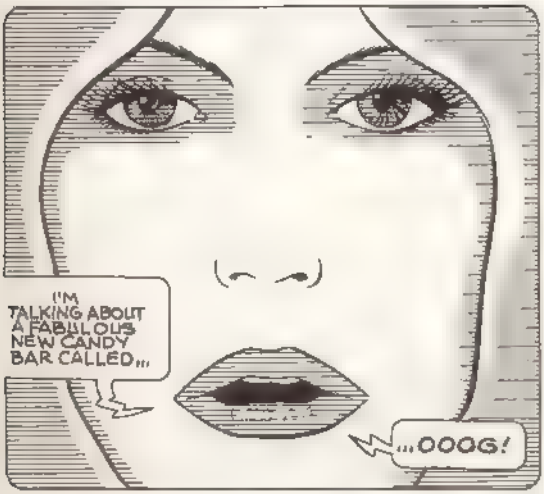
Lyric © 1967 Nipper Music

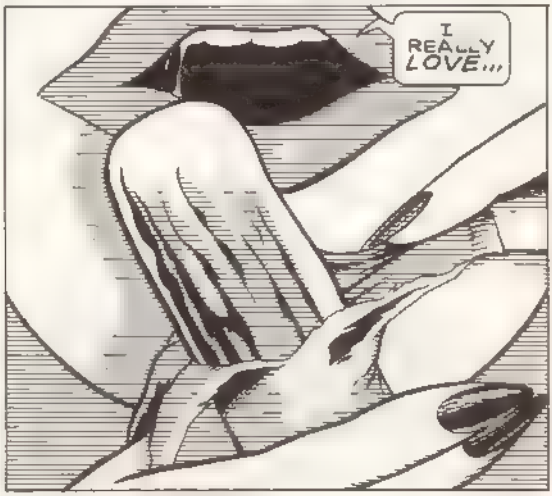

SATURDAY MORNING! AND IN MILLIONS OF HOMES THRU-OUT AMERICA, THE SCENE IS THE SAME!
"AND STAY OUT, DUCK!
THIS IS MY TURF!


HI YA, KIDS! DON'T GO AWAY!
BOFFO THE BUNNY WILL BE RIGHT BACK AFTER THIS MESSAGE FOR YOU!

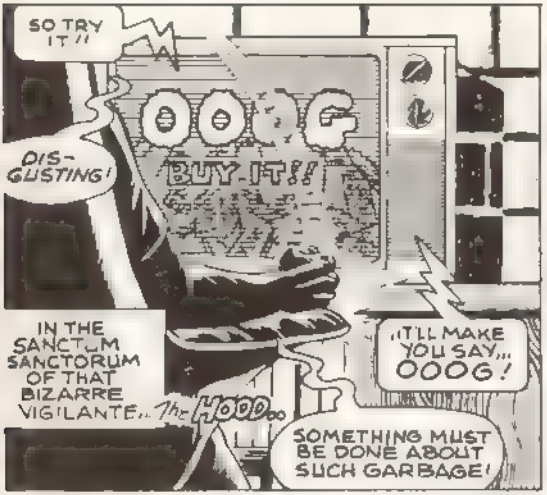
HELLO, BOYS AND GIRLS
MY NAME IS COOKIE LA MOO!

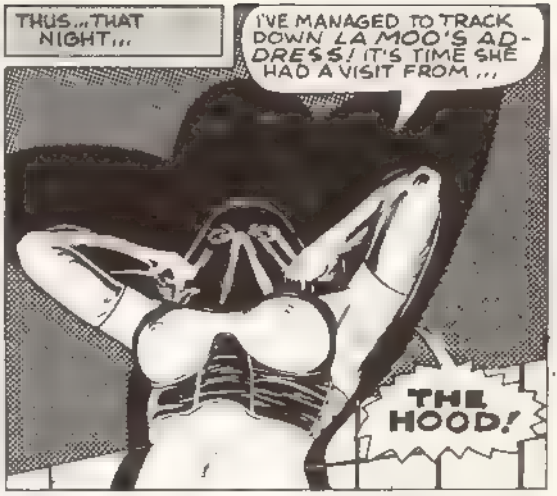
I'M HERE TO TELL YOU ABOUT A GREAT NEW TASTE SENSATION!!
AND IN MILLIONS OF HOMES THRUOUT AMERICA, THE REACTION IS THE SAME!


I'M TALKING ABOUT A FABULOUS NEW CANDY BAR CALLED...
...OOOG!


I REALLY LOVE...

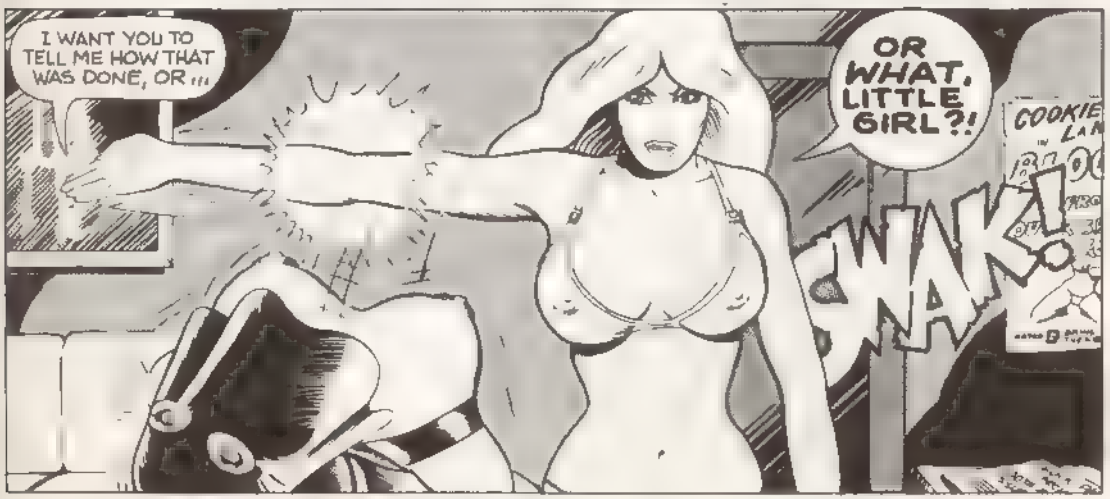
The HOOD
CREATED BY CLIFFORD NEAL
SCRIPT + PENCILS - STEVE VANCE
INKS + LETTERS - BILL BLACK
AS COOKIE LAMOO LEANS INTO THE TV CAMERA, AN INCREDIBLE THING OCCURS! HER UPPER TORSO ACTUALLY EMERGES FROM THE TV SCREEN...
3-D EEP THREAT
...OOOG!
...DROOLING INTO LIVING ROOMS ACROSS THE NATION!

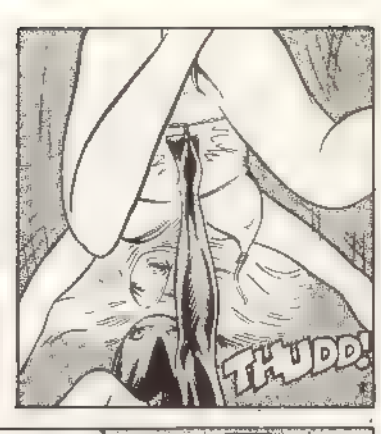

SO TRY IT!!
OOOG
BUY IT!!
DIS-GUSTING!
IN THE SANCTUM SANCTORUM OF THAT BIZARRE VIGILANTE.. The HOOD..
..IT'LL MAKE YOU SAY... OOOG!
SOMETHING MUST BE DONE ABOUT SUCH GARBAGE!


THUS...THAT NIGHT...
I'VE MANAGED TO TRACK DOWN LA MOO'S ADDRESS! IT'S TIME SHE HAD A VISIT FROM...
THE HOOD!

EVENING, TOOTS!
WHAT?
..OR SHOULD I SAY ..TRAITOR!

I CAUGHT YOUR ACT ON THE TUBE THIS A.M.!
IT'S PEOPLE LIKE YOU THAT PERPETUATE A SEXIST IMAGE OF WOMANHOOD!
AND THAT 3-D PROJECTION MADE IT EVEN WORSE!


I WANT YOU TO TELL ME HOW THAT WAS DONE, OR...
OR WHAT, LITTLE GIRL?!
WAK!
COOKIE



OKAY, SISTER... TALK!

YOU HAVEN'T GOT THE BRAINS TO BE THE MASTERMIND! I WANT TO KNOW WHO DOES?

I... I DON'T KNOW THE NAME. SOME JUNIOR PARTNER OF THE AVA, RICE AND McGREED AD AGENCY DEVELOPED THE MACHINE!

LIKE A HOLOGRAM, HUH? VERY CLEVER!

NO! YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND!!

IT PROJECTS SOLID OBJECTS!

IT CAN MAKE WHATEVER IS BEING SHOWN ON THE SCREEN ACTUALLY APPEAR IN THE ROOM! THE COMMERCIAL YOU SAW THIS MORNING WAS JUST A TEST RUN... BUT IT WORKED!

THE POSSIBILITIES FOR THIS DEVICE ARE UNLIMITED... ESPECIALLY THE ILLEGAL ONES! I'VE GOT TO PUT A STOP TO IT!

WHERE CAN I FIND THIS JR. PARTNER?

P... PROBABLY STILL AT THE TV STUDIO!

EMY TEMIRP... YOU ARE ACCUSED OF *BETRAYING YOUR SEX!*

THE HOOD HAS SWORN TO BRING YOU TO *JUSTICE!*

THE REST OF THIS RABBLE MAY *LEAVE!* THIS IS A PRIVATE MATTER!

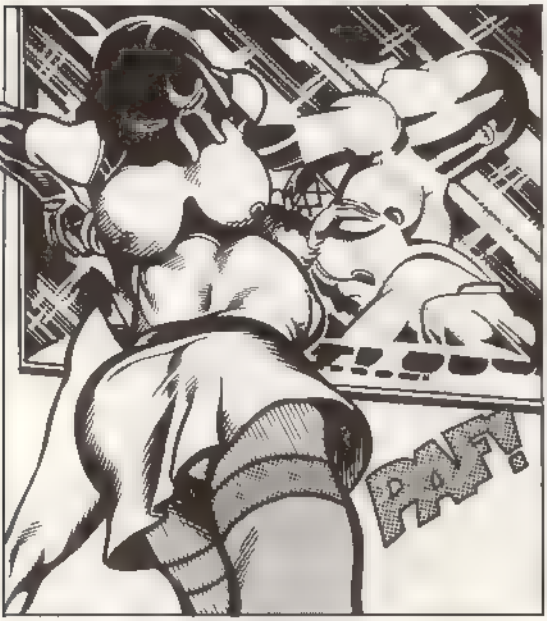
THE HOOD

STORY - STEVE VANCE • PENCILS - VANCE/BLACK
INKS - JOHN BEATTY

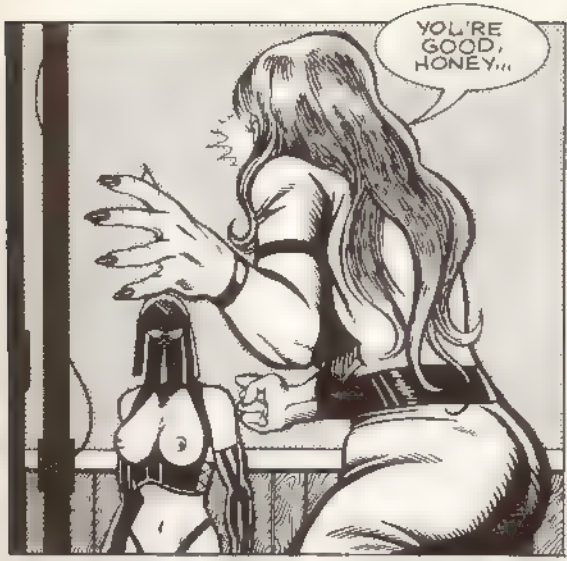
I THINK SHE MEANS IT!
WE'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE!

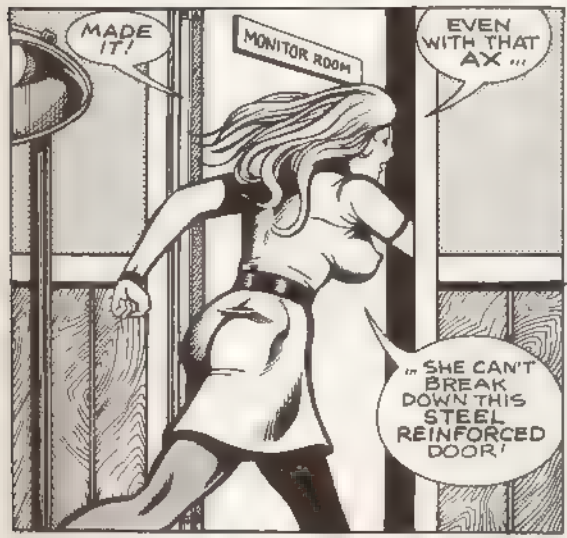
THE HOOD, EH? I'VE FACED WOORRFF!
KLOUT!
SO HAVE I!

YOU'LL REGRET THAT, YOU....


PAFT!

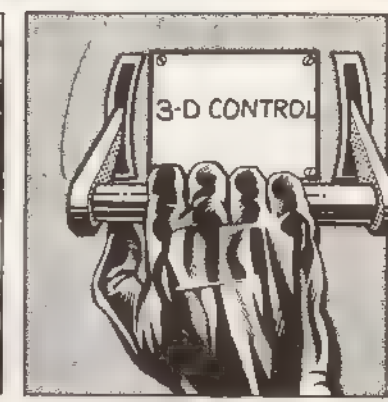
THOK!



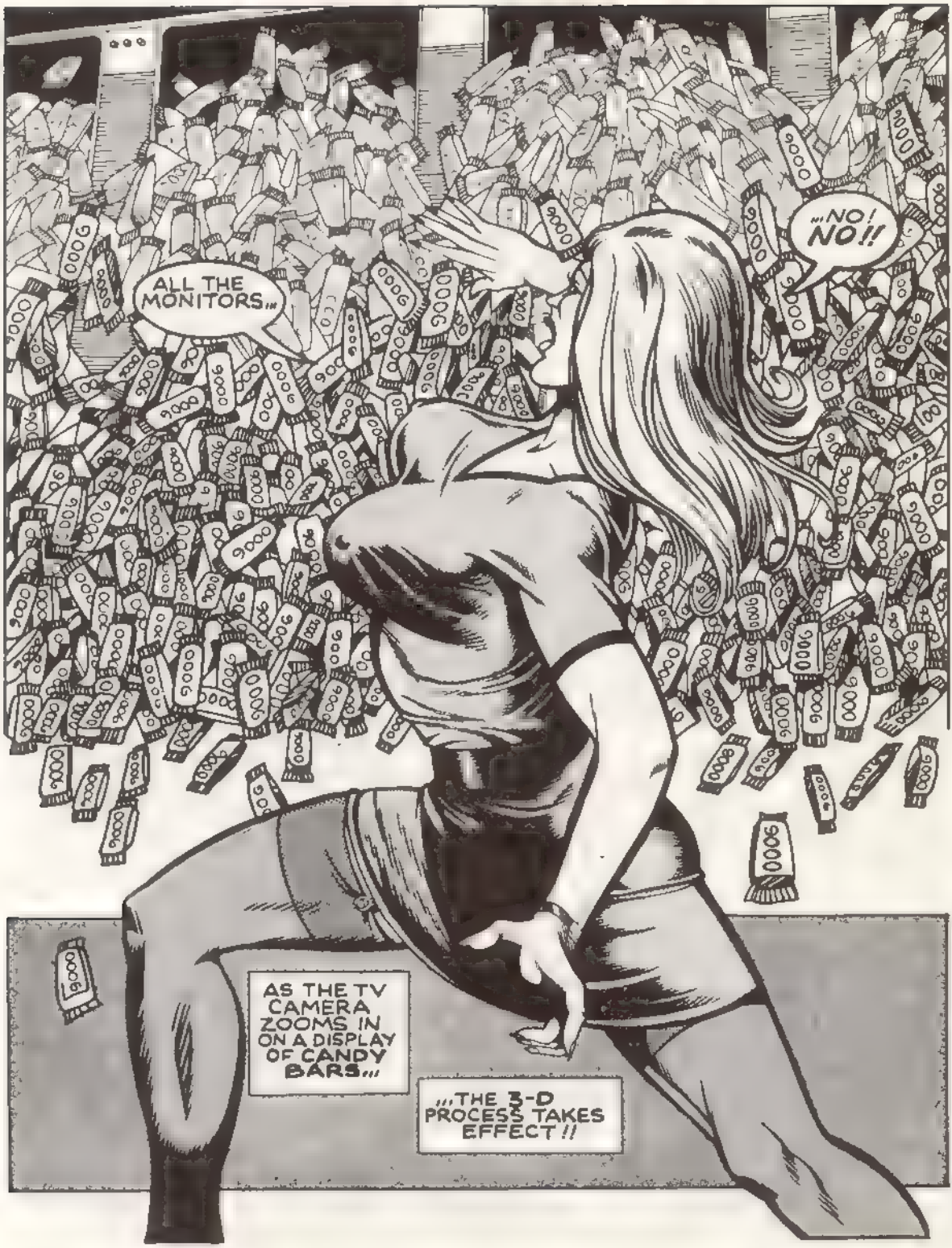


THE HOOD HAS OTHER IDEAS.

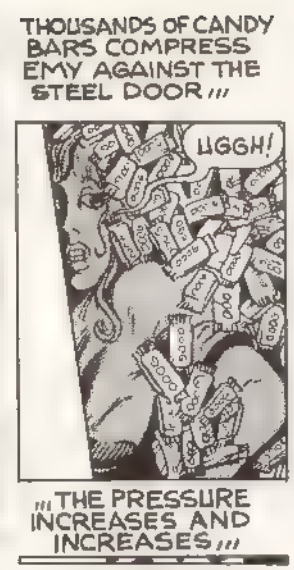
HER FINGERS MOVE ACROSS THE CONTROL PANEL LIKE AN EXPERT'S,

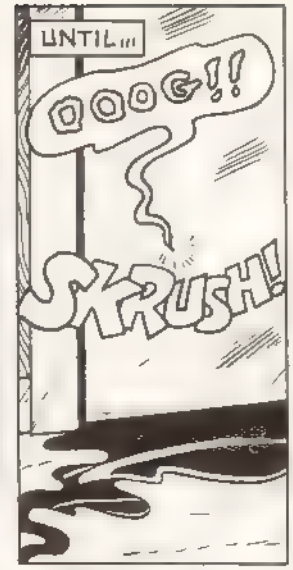


AND THEN THE FINAL SWITCH IS THROWN!


ALL THE MONITORS...
...NO! NO!!
AS THE TV CAMERA ZOOMS IN ON A DISPLAY OF CANDY BARS...
...THE 3-D PROCESS TAKES EFFECT!!

TURN IT OFF!


THOUSANDS OF CANDY BARS COMPRESS EMY AGAINST THE STEEL DOOR...
UGGH!
...THE PRESSURE INCREASES AND INCREASES...


UNTIL...
OOOG!!
SKRUSH!

HMM... I SUPPOSE THERE IS SOME TRUTH IN ADVERTISING ...IT DID MAKE HER SAY "OOOG!!"
JUSTICE HAS BEEN SERVED!

LATER... WHEN THE TV EXECS ENTER THE STUDIO...
GAK!
TWO MILLION DOLLARS WORTH OF 3-D VIDEO EQUIPMENT... DESTROYED!

I'M RUINED! THERE'S NO WAY I CAN DIG OUT OF THIS!
BOSS?

WHAT'S THIS CHOCOLATE OOZE ALL OVER THE FLOOR??
OOZE? CHOCOLATE OOZE!!

HEY, KIDS! IT'S BOFFO BUNNY!
BUT FIRST... A WORD FROM OUR NEW SPONSOR!

COOKIE LA MOO HERE WITH A NEW TASTE TREAT!
WOW! A SUPER SPACE FLUID!!!
POP!

AN ENERGY SOURCE FROM BEYOND THE STARS WITH A SECRET INGREDIENT FROM THE PLANET CHOCULON!
IT'S OOZE!!
BUY IT NOW!
THE END

IT IS NOT WITHIN MY POWER TO INTERCEDE BUT EVEN IF IT WERE, TO DO SO WOULD BE COUNTER-PRODUCTIVE.

DEATH & DUMB

NO LESSONS WOULD BE LEARNED

STORY— MARK BURBEY

ART— RICH LARSON

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YOU'RE NEVER GOING TO GROW UP, ARE YOU, ALVIN?

I OWN THIS CEMETERY, REMEMBER?

OH YEAH, I FORGOT.

WHO WAS IT THAT SAID, "MAN IS BASICALLY GOOD"?

I OFTEN FIND IT HARD TO BELIEVE YOU'RE MY BROTHER!

BUT I SUPPOSE IT FIGURES, SINCE OUR FATHER WAS BRILLIANT, AND OUR MOTHER WAS AN IMBECILE! I INHERITED HIS BRAINS, AND YOU INHERITED HER STUPIDITY!

"AH YES", ONE MIGHT REPLY, "BASICALLY, BUT NOT WHOLLY..."

...FOR TOO MANY EXIST WHO SUFFER FROM AN ABSENCE OF MORAL SCRUPLES...

WE HAVE NO TIME TO FOOL AROUND, ALVIN. WE...

HITCH' IN THIS LIFE-SOLUTION BUBBLE...!

...THE LACK OF COMMON DECENCY, AND THE OVERWHELMING POWERS OF GREED AND ENVY

WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE PROBLEM, ALVIN?

THAT'S...THAT'S SADIE! YOU KILLED SADIE?

AND QUITE OFTEN, MAN'S FLAWS MANIFEST THEMSELVES AS UGLY PHYSICAL END PRODUCTS...

DEAR SADIE...

DEAR SLIMY SADIE

A MORE DISGUSTING WOMAN THERE COULD NEVER BE!

I MUST HAVE BEEN MAD WHEN I MARRIED HER!

...THE MOST VILE OF THEM BEING MURDER!

BUT WHY'D YOU KILL HER?

BECAUSE I HAD TO... AND WANTED TO!

SURELY, MAN COMMITS THIS MOST HEINOUS ACT BECAUSE HE WANTS TO. OR, IN HIS WARPED MIND, HAS TO. BUT REST ASSURED, MADMEN AREN'T WITHOUT THEIR REASONS...

YOU WANT TO RENT OUT DEAD PEOPLE AS HOUSE SERVANTS?

I WOULDN'T PUT IT SO CRUDELY, BUT YES! I'VE SUCCEEDED IN RE-ANIMATING ANIMALS, AND I'M SURE I CAN DO IT WITH HUMAN BEINGS!

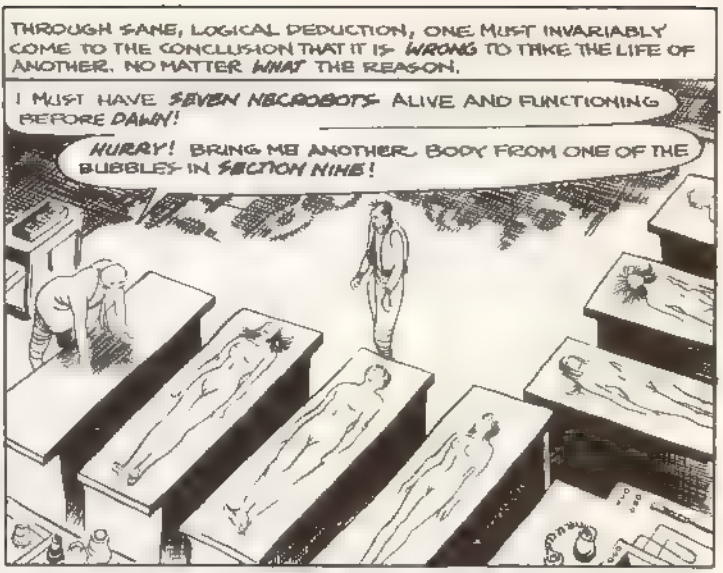
I'LL JUST FIRE MY CURRENT STAFF AT RENT-A-MAID, AND REPLACE THEM WITH MY NECROBOTS!

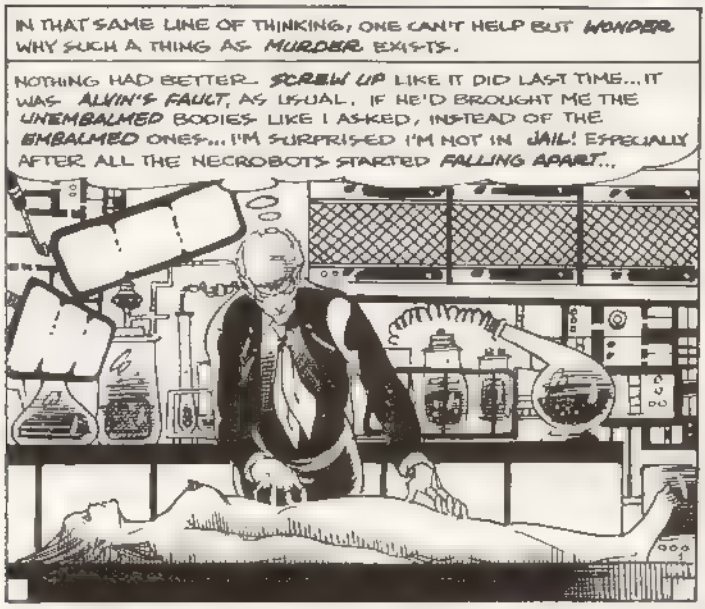
YOU'RE NUTS!

I'VE HAD IT WITH YOUR INSANE SCHEMES! I'M CALLING THE POLICE!

OH YOU ARE, ARE YOU?

COME ON. DON'T WASTE YOUR TIME WORRYING ABOUT SADIE! THERE'S TOO MUCH TO BE DONE!


THROUGH SANE, LOGICAL DEDUCTION, ONE MUST INVARIABLY COME TO THE CONCLUSION THAT IT IS WRONG TO TAKE THE LIFE OF ANOTHER. NO MATTER WHAT THE REASON.
I MUST HAVE SEVEN NECROBOTS ALIVE AND FUNCTIONING BEFORE DAWN!
HURRY! BRING ME ANOTHER BODY FROM ONE OF THE BUBBLES IN SECTION NINE!


IN THAT SAME LINE OF THINKING, ONE CAN'T HELP BUT WONDER WHY SUCH A THING AS MURDER EXISTS.
NOTHING HAD BETTER SCREW UP LIKE IT DID LAST TIME... IT WAS ALVIN'S FAULT, AS USUAL. IF HE'D BROUGHT ME THE UNEMBALMED BODIES LIKE I ASKED, INSTEAD OF THE EMBALMED ONES... I'M SURPRISED I'M NOT IN JAIL! ESPECIALLY AFTER ALL THE NECROBOTS STARTED FALLING APART...

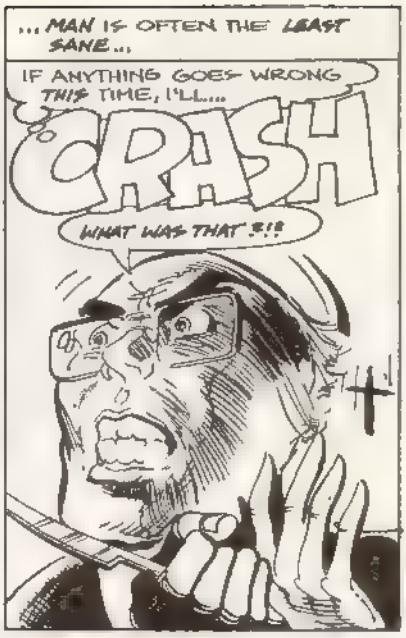
DEDUCE FURTHER, AND YOU WILL FIND YOUR ANSWER...
I WANT YOU TO MEET MY NEW HOUSEKEEPER. SHE LOOKS A LITTLE PECULIAR, BUT SHE DOES GREAT WORK
I WONDER WHY EURIPIDES IS BARKING?
ARF ARF ARF

ARF ARF
CHOKE

...MAN IS NOT ALWAYS KNOWN TO BE SANE OR LOGICAL, OR TO ACT WITHIN REASON.
YOU'D THINK THE EMBALMED ONES WOULD HAVE HELD UP BETTER. BUT..

IN FACT, OF ALL THE BEINGS THAT POPULATE THE UNIVERSE...
SUSIE...UH... THAT IS YOUR NAME, ISN'T IT? POUR ME SOME MORE COFFEE, PLEASE.

GOOD LORD!!!


...MAN IS OFTEN THE LEAST SANE...
IF ANYTHING GOES WRONG THIS TIME, I'LL...
CRASH
WHAT WAS THAT?!!

HE QUITE OFTEN REACTS ON IMPULSE...
DAMN YOU, ALVIN! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE HERE?!
I'M SORRY, HITCH! IT WAS AN ACCIDENT! I THOUGHT I WAS DRAININ' THE FLUID FROM THE BUBBLE, BUT BY MISTAKE I WAS FILLIN' IT WITH MORE!
THE WHOLE THING JUST BURST! I'M SORRY!!

...OUT OF BLIND SELF-CONCERN.
I SHOULD RIP YOUR EARS OFF! I SPEND WEEKS RESTORING THESE BODIES' NATURAL FLESH TONES! AFFECTING UNUSED PORTIONS OF THEIR BRAINS TO RESTORE LIMITED THOUGHT AND SPEECH! AND YOU DESTROY ONE OF THEM!
HITCH, I...I...

AND STILL, ONE CAN'T HELP BUT ASK... WHY? WHY DOES THIS UNWARRANTED INSANITY PERSIST?
I SHOULD MAKE YOU EAT THAT BODY! BUT THERE ISN'T TIME! BRING ME ANOTHER ONE, YOU STUPID IDIOT! BRING ME SADIE!

BUT THERE IS NO *ONE* ANSWER. NO *COMMON* REASON.

HERE SHE IS, HITCH.

HITCH, WHY DO YA *HATE* ME?

ONLY AN UNASSAILABLE, UNCONSCIOUS *FORCE*...

WHY DO I *HATE* YOU? WHERE SHOULD I *BEGIN*? YOUR *STUPIDITY* WOULD HAVE TO *TOP* THE LIST, BUT I'D HAVE TO INCLUDE YOUR *UGLINESS*, YOUR *CLUMSINESS*, YOUR...

...THAT BURNS RIGHT THROUGH A MAN, AND RENDERS HIM A *PAWN*...

OKAY. OKAY. THAT'S *ENOUGH*.

I THOUGHT IT *MIGHT* BE. NOW *STOP* ASKING *STUPID QUESTIONS* AND BRING ME THE *UNIFORMS*! THE NECROBOTS WILL BE READY TO *DRESS* SOON!

IT ALMOST SEEMS THAT CERTAIN MEN ARE *BORN* TO HATE. TO *LIE*. TO *KILL*...

ISN'T IT *MARVELOUS*, ALVIN? FINALLY, A *PERFECT* SQUAD OF NECROBOTS! THE FORERUNNER OF *COUNTLESS OTHERS*!

YEAH, *MARVELOUS*.

AND, NATURALLY, *ANOTHER* QUESTION ARISES...

DO YOU *REALIZE* WHAT HAS *HAPPENED* HERE? WHILE OTHERS *FEAR* DEATH, *WE'VE* MADE *GOOD USE* OF IT!

WE'VE *DEFIED* THE *LAWS* OF *GOD*! DONE SOMETHING HE'S NEVER HAD THE *INCLINATION* TO DO...

...*WE'VE RAISED THE DEAD*!

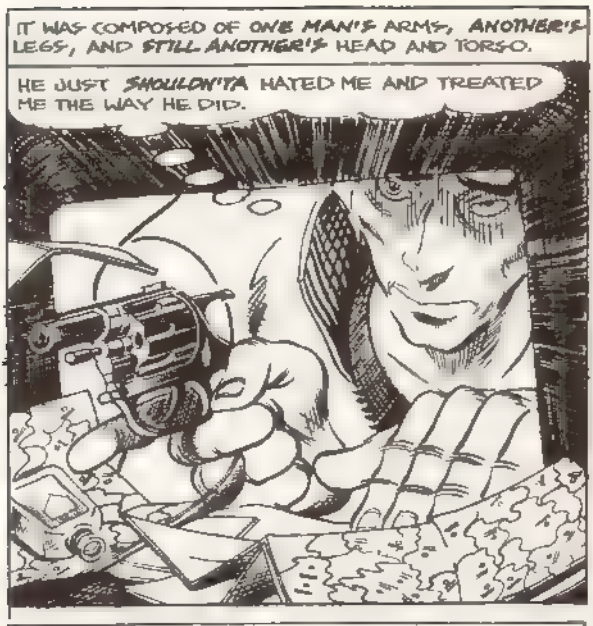
AND, AS A FAVOR TO *SOCIETY*, I'M GOING TO USE MY NECROBOTS TO *FREE* THE *COMMON MAN* FROM ALL FORMS OF *MENIAL LABOR*! AND *I'LL* BECOME *RICH* IN THE PROCESS!

WHY ARE THESE *MADMEN* ALLOWED TO *THRIVE* AMONG THE INNOCENTS?

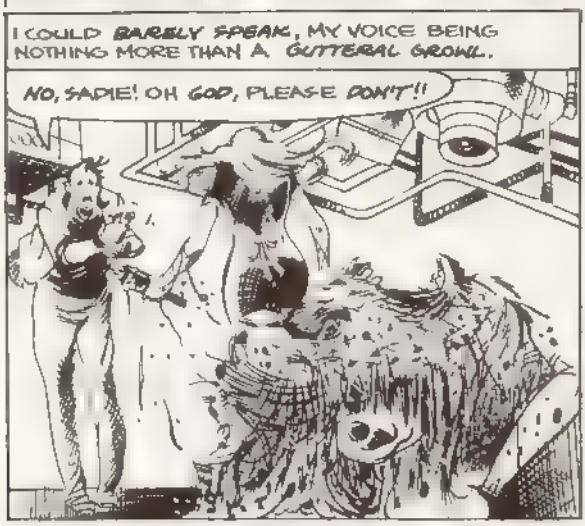
I'LL BE LAUDED AS A MODERN DAY *LINCOLN*! A GENIUS BEYOND *EINSTEIN*! THE 20TH CENTURY *SAVIOR*!

ALVIN! BRING THE *VAN* AROUND CLOSER TO THE *LAB ENTRANCE*!

WHY ARE THESE VERMIN ALLOWED TO PREY ON THOSE WEAKER?
I'LL BE THE NEW GOD!
WHY AREN'T THEY CAUGHT AND PUNISHED?
THEY'LL PUT MY FACE ON A POSTAGE STAMP!
CRAK
AARRGGHH!
CRUNCH
WAKE RUC
I ONCE LIVED IN A BODY LIKE YOUR OWN. BUT IT DID NOT BELONG TO ME.
IF THE NECROBOTS TAKE OVER ALL THE MENIAL JOBS, WHAT'LL HAPPEN TO ALL THE GUYS LIKE ME? ALL I CAN DO IS SERVE AND SWEEP AND TAKE OUT THE TRASH...
...A HUNDRED THINGS NOBODY ELSE'LL DO...
I MUST BE AS STUPID AS HITCH SAYS I AM, IF I DIDN'T SEE THAT AT THE BEGINNIN'...


IT WAS COMPOSED OF ONE MAN'S ARMS, ANOTHER'S LEGS, AND STILL ANOTHER'S HEAD AND TORSO.
HE JUST SHOULDN'TA HATED ME AND TREATED ME THE WAY HE DID.

MY MIND WAS IN A CONSTANT FOG, AND THE BODY WAS DIFFICULT TO MANAGE.
OH MY GOD!


I COULD BARELY SPEAK, MY VOICE BEING NOTHING MORE THAN A GUTTERAL GROWL.
NO, SADIE! OH GOD, PLEASE DON'T!!

BUT MERCIFULLY, THE BODY WAS ALLOWED TO DIE.
SADIE! PLEASE! HITCH WAS THE ONE WHO KILLED YOU!!!
SSSZZT
BLAM!

GGNNGGLL!!!
WHOOM

CRRRRRRRR
SSSSSSSSSSSSSS

NOW I EXIST AS A MERE *ESSENCE*. NO MORE TANGIBLE THAN A *FLEETING THOUGHT*.
BAM!
I FOREVER WATCH.
... AND AT THIS MOMENT, I AM VERY PLEASED.
THE END

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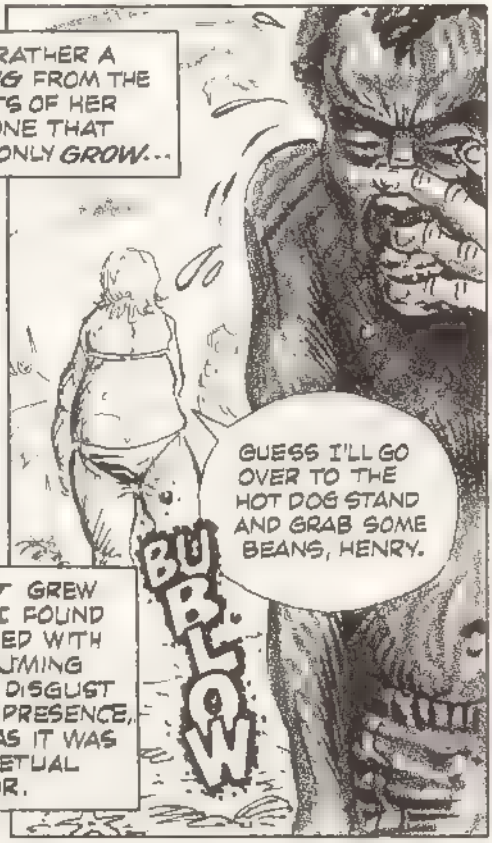
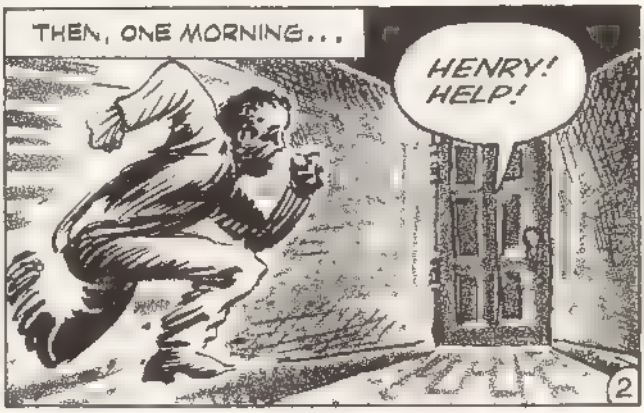
IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO SAY HOW THE *DISGUST* ENTERED MY BRAIN... BUT ONCE CONCEIVED, IT HAUNTED ME DAY AND NIGHT.

I *LOVED* MY BRIDE; SHE HAD NEVER WRONGED ME, SHE HAD GIVEN ME NO INSULT. FOR HER MONEY, I HAD NO DESIRE.





WHENEVER I *SAW, HEARD, SMELLED* HER, MY BLOOD RAN COLD...

RRRAK!

WOOOOP

CAREFULL OF MUH' 'RHODS THIS TIME, HENRY!

CHARMIN CHARM

AND SO IT WAS THAT I BEGAN TO TOY WITH THE IDEA OF TAKING THE LIFE OF MY BRIDE, AND THUS RIDDING MYSELF OF HER NOXIOUS PRESENCE--*FOREVER!*

ON THE DAY THE DEED WAS DONE, I FOUND MYSELF, AS USUAL, AMID THE NOSE AND THE PUTRESCENCE OF HER BEING...
BUT ON THIS DAY, IT WAS AS IF ALL THAT THERE WAS ABOUT HER THAT FILLED ME WITH LOATHING HAD COLLECTED ITSELF...
PUPI
YETCH
BISSETTE
...AND SLAPPED ME FULL IN THE FACE!
ROOUTH!
SMESH!
BRRRRAP!
TZING!
VIP!
I COULD BEAR NO MORE!

WITH A TORTURED SHREK, I DROVE THE END OF THE MOP HOME!!
TAB!
SHE SCREAMED ONCE...
POK!
GLUK
...ONLY ONCE
I SMILED GAILY TO FIND THE DEED SO FAR DONE!
HER ASS CONTINUED TO RUMBLE WITH MUFFLED SOUNDS UNTIL AT LENGTH IT CEASED...
SHE WAS DEAD. STONE, STONE DEAD. HER FARTS WOULD TROUBLE ME NO MORE!

IF YOU STILL THINK ME MAD YOU WILL THINK SO NO LONGER WHEN I DESCRIBE THE WISE PRECAUTIONS I TOOK FOR THE CONCEALMENT OF THE BODY. THE NIGHT WANED AS I WORKED HASTILY BUT IN SILENCE...

FIRST, OF COURSE, I DISMEMBERED THE CORPSE, CUTTING OFF THE ARMS, LEGS AND HEAD, LEAVING THE TORSO AND THAT HIDEOUS ASS, WHOLE.

THEN I TOOK UP THIRTEEN PLANKS FROM THE FLOORING OF THE BATHROOM AND DEPOSITED ALL BETWEEN THE SCANTINGS. I THEN REPLACED THE BOARDS SO CLEVERLY, SO CUNNINGLY, THAT NO HUMAN EYE COULD HAVE DETECTED ANYTHING WRONG. THERE WAS NOTHING TO WASH OUT... NO STAIN OF ANY KIND... I HAD BEEN TOO WARY FOR THAT. THE TOILET HAD CAUGHT IT ALL! *HA-HA-HA!*

WHEN I HAD MADE AN END TO THESE LABORS THERE CAME A KNOCKING AT THE STREET DOOR...

IN CAME TWO MEN WHO INTRODUCED THEMSELVES AS POLICE OFFICERS...

I WELCOMED THEM, BID THEM SEARCH WELL AS THEY HAD COME TO INQUIRE ABOUT A SCREAM THE NEIGHBOR HAD REPORTED.

OF COURSE THEY FOUND NOTHING AND MY MANNER CONVINCED THEM NOTHING WAS AMISS.

UNTIL I HEARD *THE SOUNDS!*

AS THE SOUNDS BECAME DISTINCT, NO DOUBT I GREW VERY PALE.

...THEY *INCREASED!*

LOW, DULL, QUICK SOUNDS!

WHY WOULD THEY NOT BE GONE?
BURUPP
ZIP
FRAPPE
TOOT
LINGH
TRUMP
TOOT TOOT FFFFT!!
RUMFT
ZIP
PEEEFOW!
IT GREW LOUDER LOUDER!
GRUNT!
WEEP WHEEP
POP!
FIZP!
POF
PLOP LOP LOP
SWISH SLASH
WHOOSH
WHUFF
FFROOSH
PIP PLIP PLIP POOP
POF!
FISCH
AND STILL THE MEN CHATTED AND SMILED... THEY MOCKED ME!
I COULD BEAR IT NO LONGER...
VILLIANS! DISEMBLE NO MORE! I ADMIT THE DEED!
BLLLTCH
TEAR UP THE PLANKS!
FFT!
WHUN
7

HERE, HERE-- IT IS THE FARTING OF HER HIDEOUS ASS!

THEN, AS IF PULLED BY A SUCTION FROM HER VERY BOWELS, I WAS PULLED INTO THE OPENING!

SHLUP

AND PLUNGED HEADLONG INTO HER GAPING RECTUM!

'TWAS THERE MY OLFACTORY NERVES WERE ASSAULTED WITH THE MOST SENSE SEARING INHALATION OF ALL...

...THAT OF MY LATE WIFE'S DEATH FART!

FAINTLY I HEARD THE SQUEEL OF THE INSPECTORS AS I WAS PULLED FROM THE ABYSS...

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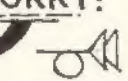

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